BINGANG

Club Crosby *Winter 1995-96*

It's Time To Renew For 1996!

For most of you, it is time to renew your membership for the 1996 calendar year. Please follow these directions:

TO OUR MEMBERS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Send a check or money order for $11.00, made out to CLUB CROSBY, to:

Wayne Martin, Editor, *Bingang*
435 So. Holmes Ave.
Kirkwood, MO 63122-6311

Canadian members must pay in U. S. dollars by means of a postoffice money order or an international bank draft drawn on a U. S. bank. Canadian currency and personal checks on Canadian banks are not acceptable at our bank.

TO OUR MEMBERS IN EUROPE

Ken Crossland of W. Midlands, U. K. is our European representative. He collects dues and does the mailing of *Bingang* for Europe and the British Isles. Magazines are air-mailed to Ken in bulk from the U. S. He distributes them to the members. Dues are $16.00 and must be submitted to Ken in an amount equivalent to $16.00 U.S. Send dues or notice of non-receipt of *Bingang* to:

Ken W. Crossland
9 Arden Drive
Dorridge
Solihull
W. Midlands B93 8LP
United Kingdom

Checks or money orders should be made out to K. W. Crossland.

TO OUR MEMBERS IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH AMERICA

We cannot accept foreign currency or personal checks, as it is too difficult and expensive to get them cashed. Money orders or bank drafts must specify payment in U. S. dollars. Personal checks will be returned, unhonored. Dues are $16.00, and journals are sent airmail. Send your money order, made out to CLUB CROSBY, to:

Wayne L. Martin, Editor, *Bingang*
435 So. Holmes Ave.
Kirkwood, MO 63122-6311 U.S.A.

Please check the expiration date of your membership on your mailing label.

The photograph of Bing Crosby on the front cover is from Mark Scrimger's collection.

Editor/Vice President
Wayne L. Martin
435 So. Holmes Ave.
Kirkwood, MO 63122

Club Crosby

President
Mark Scrimger
10450 Six Mile Rd., Lot 246
Battle Creek, MI 49017

Please
Note
New
Addresses

Bingang

Member of:

VOLUME LIX, NO. 2

WINTER, 1995-96

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Readers Write

Dear Wayne Martin,

Enclosed is a check to renew my subscription to *Bingang*. I would just like to say that I am only sixteen years old and I enjoy the issues immensely, since I am a big fan of Bing Crosby. They are wonderful; filled with so many pictures and articles.

—Maria E. Prydz, Santa Paula, CA

Dear Mr. Martin,

You and Mark are doing a *great* service to us Crosby-ophiles. I, for one, appreciate all you are doing.

We lost a good Crosby fan in Bob Lundberg. He did a great job with his magazine, and he was a good source for movies and tapes from his collection.

My friend Alston Sutton in Sacramento is doing fairly well considering his age, 85. I talk to him two or three times a month and go to see him twice a year. The last time I was down there I drove him over to Lakeport, CA to visit another old Crosby fan, Helen Tolton. A nice lady!

I've just finished putting all my Crosby LPs in the computer, all 357 of them. What a job! If anybody is interested in how I formatted them I'll gladly tell them.

—Sam Fleshman, Vida, OR.

Hi, Wayne!

Have you heard that Bill Daugherty has left Footlight and is on a singing tour of Europe? I spoke with him on his last day at Footlight. He was so useful to us Crosby collectors.

Did you watch the Beatles' Reunion Special on A&E? Paul McCartney said the inspiration for the Beatles' first big hit, "Please Please Me" was Bing Crosby's recording of "Please." Who would've thought!

—Steve Lewis, Roeland Park, KS.

Dear Wayne,

Sad, indeed, was receiving the news that Bob Lundberg had died. In the past I had some delightful correspondence with him.

I hope you don't get tired of reading how much we readers enjoy *Bingang*, because you're going to keep hearing it.

—Catherine O'Neill, Massapequa Park, NY.

Dear Wayne,

Regarding the crossword puzzle in the July *Bingang*—on 16 down, it was a clarinet that Bing "played" in *Birth Of The Blues*. Brian Donlevy played the trumpet.

Also on page 28 it mentions that Anne Whitfield resides in southern California. She actually lives in the state of Washington.

—George Ulrich, Seattle, WA.

Dear Wayne,

I look forward to receiving the journals and have every copy from 1951 when I first became a member. That copy was Bing's 20th anniversary as a star.

—Maria Ermacora, Preston, Australia.

Dear Wayne,

Enclosed is $11 for a new member, Katherine Gatto. She is my granddaughter, age 7. She got hooked on Road movies and now loves to hear Bing sing. When we are traveling in the car, she will request we put Bing on. Without any prompting, she tells people Bing's her favorite singer. One day we were watching a Bing movie and she said, "I really like Bing, but it's odd, I don't know why." I said, "You're right, Katherine, it's not any one thing you can put your finger on!"

—Wally Anthony, Lancaster, Pa.

Dear Mark and Wayne,

Read of your club in *Goldmine's* annual fan club issue. Have enclosed a check for a subscription for my daughter, Kelly Smith, age 14. She loves Bing's movies, thought the special edition *White Christmas* was her best gift last Christmas and, I am certain, will be delighted this Christmas with the Bing Crosby box set and this subscription to *Bingang*.

—Richard Smith, Newark, DE.

Dear Wayne,

I've been an admirer of Bing going back to his Cremo days and I spend my time listening to both him and Russ Columbo. Although Russ had a very good voice I don't believe he would compare with Bing had he lived. There will never be another one as far as I'm concerned to compare with Bing. Perry Como will always be the nearest to him.

I had the pleasure of meeting Bing on a few occasions and he was always very down to earth and kept in touch through the years.

One thing about Bing. He may have had his faults, but once you were a friend you remained one all through his life as long as you were honest with him. We all know how he loved his privacy, but you can't blame him for that.

—Harry Fulmer, Lindenwold, NJ.

ALL LETTERS ARE SUBJECT TO EDITING.

The Editor's Page

SORRY WE'RE LATE!

This issue of *Bingang* is later than usual, and your editor apologizes for the delay. This has not been a good winter. Your editor was over-extended on other projects, had a flu bug that hung on for two months, was often unable to get out on Club Crosby business because of inclement weather, and had problems with equipment used to produce the magazine. Here it is, finally! Better late than never, they say.

In view of the eventual retirement of your present editor, there are plans in the works to spread the task of getting the magazine together to some other members who are willing to help with the job. Those plans are not yet finalized, but they will be announced in the next issue. We have always had lots of assistance as far as contributions of material from the members is concerned, and we are grateful for that!

In view of the fact that it is too difficult to get the journal out during a particular month, the issues are being renamed the "Winter" and the "Summer" editions. There will be no change in the number of magazines published each year.

We also apologize for slowness in getting your checks to the bank. Please be assured that all payments have been promptly credited.

Thank you for your patience!

NEW MEMBERSHIP CARDS

As promised in the July edition of this magazine, new membership cards have been printed. Your name has been written in, and the cards are enclosed with this edition. Please check your envelope carefully.

NEW ADDRESSES

Please note the new addresses for the President and Editor/Vice-President printed on the Table of Contents and Renewal Instructions pages. Although we still have the Kirkwood post office box, mail sent there will be delayed, since we can no longer check the box every week. Mark has moved, and his old address is no longer valid. Any mail concerning dues payments, non receipt of magazine, and contributions of material for the journal should be sent to the editor at 435 So. Holmes Ave., Kirkwood, MO 63122-6311. Mail intended for Mark Scrimger should be sent to 10450 Six Mile Rd., Lot 246, Battle Creek, MI 49017.

DEATHS

The latter part of 1995 was indeed a sad period of time for Bing Crosby's fans. On August 11 we heard of the death of Phil Harris, followed in a few days on August 24 by the news of Gary Crosby's death by cancer. Then in October we learned of the death of Maxene Andrews (on October 21) and Mary Wickes (October 22). On November 4, many of us were personally touched by the death of Bob Lundberg. Then in December the news media reported the death of Dean Martin. Obituaries of all have been printed in this issue except for Dean Martin. This will appear in the next edition.

THANK YOU!

Our thanks go to the members who have sent in contributions towards the publication of the Summer 1996 special issue commemorating the 60th anniversary of Club Crosby. Those of you who have not yet paid your dues for 1996 are invited to do the same.

As we said before, a list will be published of those who made donations and specified them for this purpose. No amounts will be listed. If you do not want your name printed please let us know. We are working on a full-color cover and other special features.

Someone has suggested that members write a paragraph about Bing and how his life and work have touched them. That sounds like a good idea. We could combine these into a very interesting article.

Every effort will be made to get this issue out "on time."

"SPECIAL" MEMBERS

All of our members are "special" to us, of course, but check out the "Readers Write" page. We have letters from or about 16-year-old Maria Prydz, 7-year-old Katherine Gatto and 14-year-old Kelly Smith, plus a letter from Maria Ermacora, who has been a member since 1951!

We are indeed fortunate to have such a fine group of members, old and young. We would be interested in hearing from others who have been "one of us" for many years.

DID YOU KNOW. . .

That Kathryn Crosby is appearing in *State Fair?* A play bill from San Francisco is included in this issue.

The Bing Collection At Gonzaga

By Pete Cakanic

SPOKANE, WA. Rest easy, Bingers. Der Bingle's legacy is in good hands at Gonzaga University in this pleasant and friendly city.

Stephanie Edwards, a very youngish-looking 33, is Special Collections Librarian, schooled in the art of preservation of manuscripts, books, and letters. In addition, she has a Master's Degree in history.

Bing's personal letters, photographs and other materials subject to deterioration are being stored in acid-free folders in a climate-controlled environment, along with Gonzaga's rare books and manuscripts. Ms. Edwards is in the process of cataloging all Bing memorabilia—records, movies, books, and periodicals—into the library's computers. Up to this point she has a listing of single-spaced lines that fill 100 pages. This does not include a separate list of recordings.

She showed this visitor the 150 file boxes of Crosbyana donated to Gonzaga by the Bing Crosby Historical Society in June 1993. The boxes are marked and are being inventoried, a slow process, since this is only a part of her responsibilities. The Special Collections are not open to the public without appointment, but that is simple to arrange with this affable librarian.

Now and then while she is going through the collection, a bit of Bing publicity is generated, such as the time five of his hair pieces were discovered. This made a featurette on TV's "Entertainment Tonight."

In addition to the BCHS collection, she notes the publications of all the fan clubs, which are stored in chronological order. Many callers inquire about what an old record or Bing souvenir is worth, and Ms. Edwards refers them to fans who have expertise in pricing.

When Laser Light (Delta Music, Inc.) was planning the Kraft Music Hall World War II series they came to Gonzaga to borrow the transcriptions which had been donated to the library. She says the producers knew exactly which of the 16-inch transcriptions they wanted, took them to a studio and converted them to CD, then returned them.

Spokane is a Crosby-friendly city. In the Triple A tour guide under this city's listing, the "Crosby Student Center" gets a prominent mention. The Student Center was donated by Bing, "A grateful alumnus, class of 1924, dedicates this in the name of the Crosby family."

Within the Center is the Crosbyana Room, open Monday through Friday, 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. A registration book shows that over 2,000 people have signed this year. Many more visited but did not sign.

Of these visitors there were 23 countries represented other than the United States and Canada.

It is rather awesome for a Bing fan to view the Crosbyana Room. In dead center is Bing's Oscar for *Going My Way.* On one wall is a shiny display of Bing's gold and platinum records. In other cabinets is sheet music with Bing on the cover of his immortal hits, such as "I Surrender, Dear." Except for the Oscar and gold records, the sheet music and other memorabilia are rotated with other items in the library.

Less than a two-block walk from the library is the Crosby Alumni Center, which is the old Crosby home. Martin J. Pujolar, Executive Director of the Alumni Association, makes a visitor feel welcome. He points to the bedroom Bing shared with a brother.

Photo montages of Crosby activities are hung at the front entrance and throughout the house. One outstanding item is the bathrobe Bing wore while being made up for movies and TV.

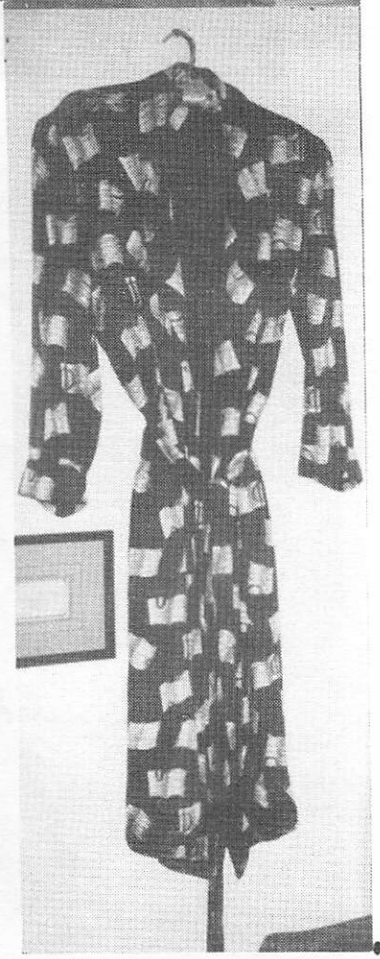
A visit to Gonzaga is a worthwhile endeavor. A trip through the Spokane environs makes it obvious why Bing was such a lover of the outdoors, of fishing and hunting.

Stephanie Edwards checks the 150 file boxes of Crosby material donated by the Bing Crosby Historical Society.

Scenes at Gonzaga University

Photos by Pete Cakanic

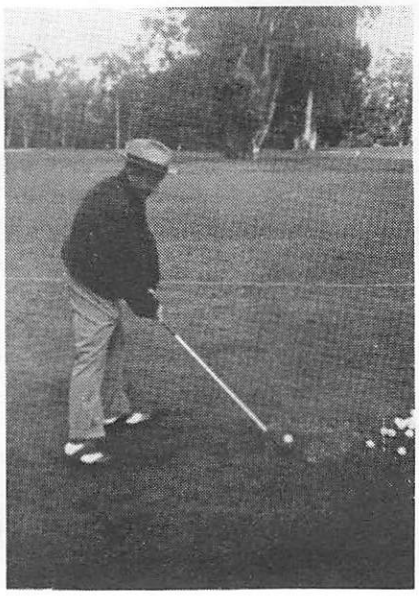
↑ Stephanie Edwards checks KMH WWII CDs →Crosby Cafe

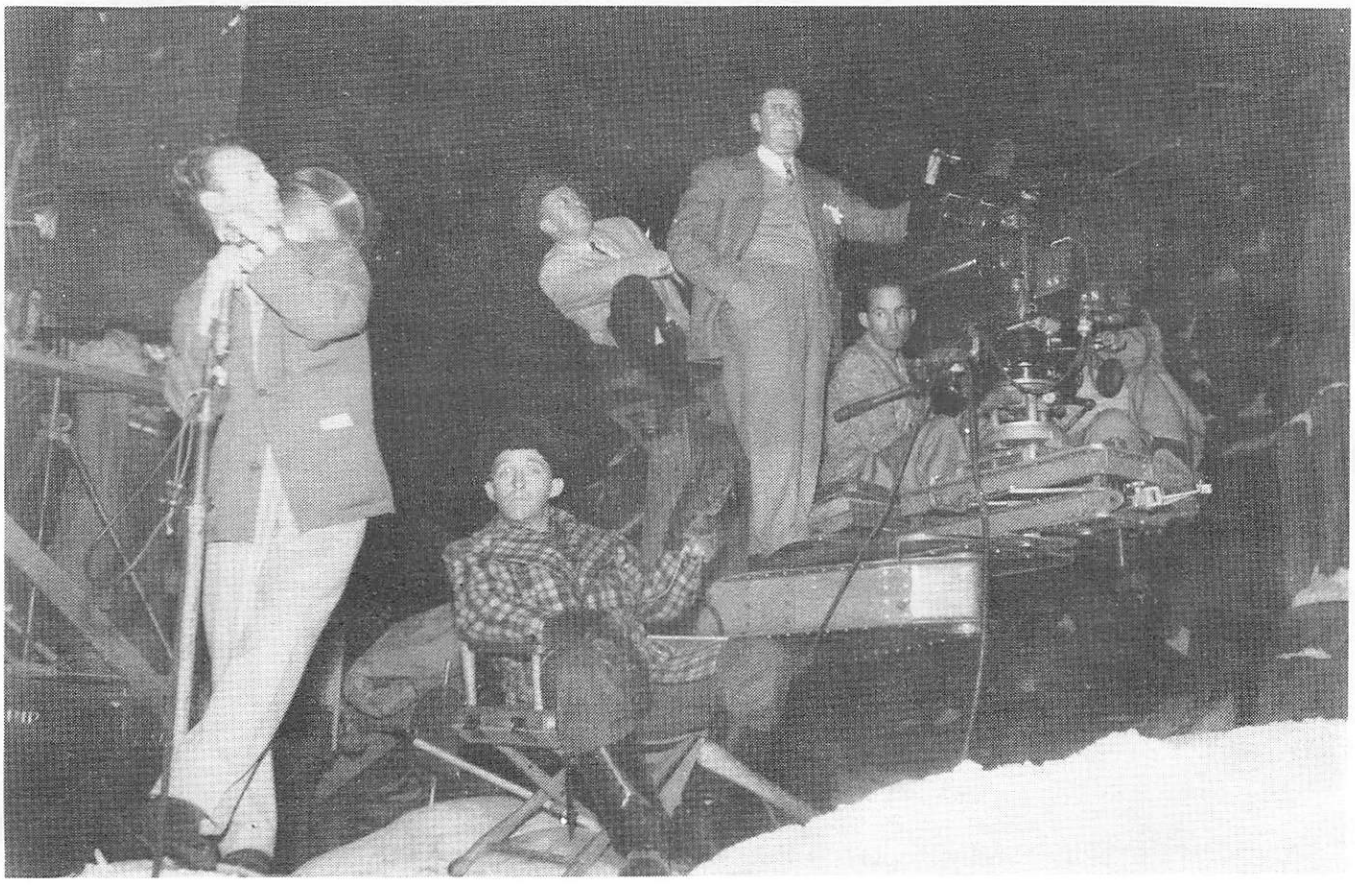


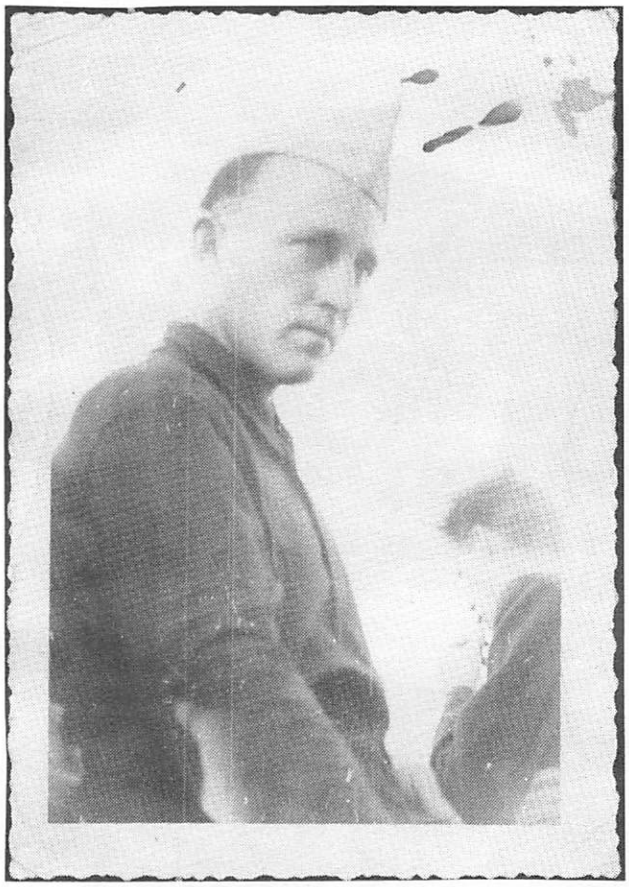
↑ Part of the Crosby Display → Bing's Dressing Gown

CANDID CROSBY

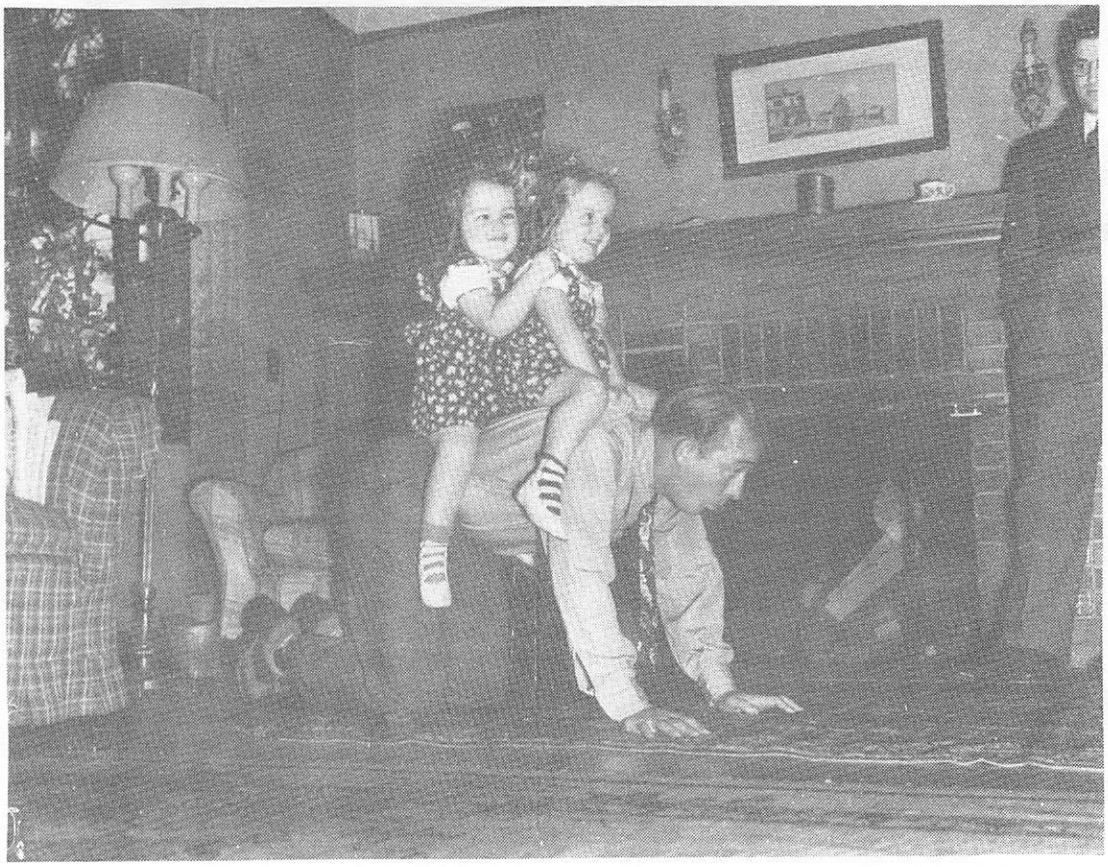
A Curious Collection of Seldom-Seen Crosby Photos
Gathered Together for Your Enjoyment
By Mark Scrimger







At a Tulsa country club in 1942, Bing Crosby performs "New San Antonio Rose" with Bob Wills and his band. The crooner's recording of the song became a major pop hit.



Bing and Satchmo
1956

Copies suitable for framing of this beautiful drawing by Club Crosby member Jon Oye are available from F. B. Wiggins, 5608 North 34th St., Arlington, VA 22207. Cost is $10.00 per copy, plus $3.00 postage.

Gary Crosby, Bing's Son, Dies Of Lung Cancer

© 1995, Los Angeles Times

LOS ANGELES—Gary Crosby, eldest son of Bing Crosby and himself a singer, recording artist and actor, died Thursday (Aug. 24, 1995) in Burbank, Calif., of lung cancer. He was 62.

He had recorded two duets with his internationally known father, which became the first double-sided gold record in the history of the recording industry. Their songs were "Sam's Song" and "Play a Simple Melody," recorded in 1950.

Crosby
'74 photo

The popularity of entertainer Gary Crosby, who performed on television, film and stage, never approached that of his legendary father. In his youth, Gary acquired a reputation as a bad-boy son who was frequently in trouble for drinking, and in 1967 he acknowledged that he was an alcoholic.

Gary Crosby achieved perhaps his widest fame in 1983 when he published his autobiography, "Going My Own Way," which claimed that his father had abusive to him and his three brothers, twins Phillip and Dennis, and Lindsay, who committed suicide in 1989. The four were all born during Bing Crosby's first marriage—to Dixie Lee Crosby.

Always plagued by a weight problem, Gary Crosby said in his book that his father weighed him once a week and that if he had gained weight, he was ordered to his father's office for a whipping.

Youngest brother Lindsay supported the claims in the book, saying at the time: "I hope it clears up a lot of the old lies." But the twins disputed the accounts.

The four young Crosbys, who all were known for getting into trouble with drinking and other problems in their youth, had their own singing group in the 1950s.

After Bing's first wife died, he married actress Kathryn Grant and had a second family. He died in 1977, leaving money for his oldest four sons in a blind trust that none could touch until he became 65.

Mr. Crosby is survived by one son.

From the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, August 25, 1995.

A Tribute To Gary Crosby

By Shirley Naylor

Browsing through *The Sun Herald* of August 27 I was astonished to see a black headline in capital letters, CANCER KILLS CROSBY SON, 62. The column was 11½ inches long and ½ inch wide. It appears Gary died of lung cancer on August 25, ironically two months to the day of his 62nd birthday. He was born on June 25, 1933. Nothing was mentioned over the air or in any of the other papers as far as I know. I wrote to my friend Dorothy Bradford, who has been a Crosby fan for many years and lives in Queensland and was very surprised that she'd heard nothing over the air or in their papers. Nothing was mentioned about Pat, his first wife, or her son, or Gary's second wife.

"FATE STEPPED IN." I received a letter the 14th of September and a copy of *Bing; The International Crosby Circle* from David Curringston of Greenacre, N.S.W., Australia. On page 10 there was an article by Tony Gleske titled "Crosby Warbles With Dad Bing; 'White Christmas,' 'Easter Parade' On List of New Songs For New CD Release." What magazine or paper it came from wasn't listed, and no date, so haven't a clue; just wonder if Gary got to do any tracks? If not, perhaps Philip, as the only remaining son of the first marriage, may take it on. Just let's hope so, as the second-marriage sons don't have any interest in that direction.

Gary was always my favourite, having seen all his films and early appearances in *Star-Spangled Rhythm, Duffy's Tavern (1945)* with his brothers and *Out Of This World* with Eddie Bracken, where Bing's voice was used by Eddie. Gary made his film debut in 1942 with Bing in *Star-Spangled Rhythm.* Betty Hutton was in it, too, and when Betty kissed him he announced "I hate that stuff." He was 9. He made his radio debut at 17 in January 1950 singing "Dear Hearts And Gentle People." Frank Sinatra said, "A Crosby without hair was bad enough, and look at what we got?"

Gary made his first disc in 1950 with Bing, "Play A Simple Melody"/"Sam's Song." I have quite a lot of his discs, some not available here, but I was helped by Priscilla Koernig and a friend in England who got the 45 His Master's Voice "The Happy Bachelor"/"This Little Girl Of Mine." Then the late Jimmy Johnson had an auction and I was lucky enough to get a Decca sample 45, "Loop-De-Loop"/"Mambo, Palsy Walsy," then a Verve 45, "Cheating On Me"/"Judy, Judy." Now through the medium of TV we are able to see his films and were able to see his TV appearances when he made them, though a bit late. I had the pleasure of seeing Gary with Louis Armstrong at the Sydney Stadium in April

1956, and I wrote an article which was printed in *Bingang,* have stills from his films and quite a few autographed photos, one of him at three weeks with Bing and then with Dixie. I was disappointed with the way he attacked Bing. He and the other three found it hard being Bing's sons, as so much was expected of them, so hope Philip may take on the task of doing the duets with Bing, also that Decca and Reprise will release a CD of Gary's recordings. I hope Gary is *finally at peace.*

Editor's Note: Shirley Naylor, a long-time member of Club Crosby, lives in Orange, New South Wales, Australia.

Remembering Gary Crosby

By David Lobosco

Many Bing Crosby fans, when reading the title, will probably ask. . ."Why bother?" For the most part, I would have to agree with that. However, the passing of Gary Crosby marks a new age for Crosby history, and even though during his life Gary did not have many nice things to say about his father, Gary was a strong tie to the Bing Crosby memory and was the closest to Bing to die since Bob Crosby passed away in 1993.

Gary Crosby, named for Bing's pal Gary Cooper, was born to Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby on June 25, 2933. He was the first-born, and three other sons would follow. Bing admitted to not being the best father, but like most Hollywood kids, Gary found himself on the wrong side of the road.

Nevertheless, Gary had aspirations to follow in his father's footsteps. They were big shoes to fill. Gary and his father made history in 1950, when they recorded the first double-sided gold record, "Sam's Song" and "Play A Simple Melody," which gave Gary a promising start. In the summer of 1954, Gary was the summer fill-in for his father's radio show. He also was given a movie contract, where he made forgettable movies like *Mardi Gras* and *A Private's Affair.*

By the 1960s Gary was a self-proclaimed alcoholic, but he received some wide fame for appearing on numerous dramas on television like *Adam 12* and *Chase.* He appeared in three of his father's movies: *Star-Spangled Rhythm* (1942), *Duffy's Tavern* (1945) and *Out Of This World* (1945) and made an occasional appearance on Bing's radio or television shows.

For the most part, Gary lived in the shadow of his father's accomplishments. Gary had the talents to become a star but not the drive. Six years after Bing's death Gary published THE BOOK, which would tarnish the memory of Bing Crosby for over a decade.

The book did not do well, and Gary again faded into the woodwork, only to pop up from time to time to badmouth his father. His last attempt on film was in 1987's *Night Stalker.* Gary divorced his third wife only a week before his death and was planning to wed wife number four at Christmas time. Earlier in the year, Gary performed with the new Guy Lombardo orchestra, singing many of his father's songs. Later this year he planned to make a duet album like the one Natalie Cole sang with her father in 1991. In spite of hating his father so much, he never hesitated to make a buck off the Bing Crosby name. When he died on August 24, 1995 he was reported to be sober, and his demons were at rest.

With Gary Crosby and his demons gone, maybe the memory of Bing Crosby will rise again, and the anger and resentment will be replaced by honor and pride. No one is perfect. Bing Crosby was not perfect, and neither was Gary Crosby. I hope that before Gary succumbed to cancer, he realized that!

From Nick Nardella:

May Mr. Gary Crosby rest in peace. It's not easy being the son of a superstar. Had Bing lived, perhaps two of his sons would not have committed suicide. Bing surely would have been broken-hearted and crushed if he had lived to see it. Any parent would have. Gary was born in 1933 and named after Gary Cooper. He was Bing's first child, and may he forever rest in peace.

Editor's Note: Nick Nardella, a member of Club Crosby, lives in Chicago.

GARY CROSBY, 61, son of the late entertainer Bing Crosby, with whom he recorded several songs, died Thursday in Burbank, Calif. At his family's request, the cause of death was not released . In 1983, Mr. Crosby wrote "Going My Own Way," describing the difficulties of growing up in a famous family. His younger brothers Dennis and Lindsay both committed suicide several years ago.

--Detroit News and Free Press, Saturday, August 26, 1995 (An example of one of the briefer articles).

Bing Crosby Calls On Me

By Pete Martin

Reprinted below is Chapter 15 of Martin's book *Pete Martin Calls On.* . .It was published by Simon and Schuster, ©1962. The type has been reset without editorial changes.

BING CROSBY is the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. My writing life has been divided into two periods: Before Crosby and After Crosby. I was bucketing along, writing pretty much anything anybody suggested, from Jefferson's home in Monticello to Leary's secondhand bookstore in Philadelphia, when Bing's life meshed with mine.

It was not Bing's idea. My editor, Ben Hibbs, announced one day at a meeting of the *Post* editorial staff that he was low on multipart nonfiction series and would we please all go back to our cells, put on our thinking caps and see what we could come up with. I went back to my desk and sat there asking myself, Who's the best liked and the best known personality in the entertainment field we haven't already done?

It wasn't very skull-stretching. The answer popped to the top of my mind like a cork: Bing Crosby. The only problem was to get Bing to hold still for it. Bob Fuoss, the managing editor, talked to him on the phone. Price was no problem, although the amount we suggested seemed a sizable one to me.

The sum agreed upon was $75,000. In Bing's income bracket that meant he netted about $7,500—which he later blew on a Mercedes-Benz in Germany. Within a week after he brought the Mercedes home to California, he collided with a carload of Mexicans coming home from a wedding. It was the end of the Mercedes.

But back to the conversation Fuoss had with Bing. Bing objected that millions of words had been written about him, that there was nothing left to say. Fuoss countered with two notions (and I couldn't have agreed with him more): First, a personality's story hasn't been told unless he's told it himself. Second, it hasn't been told unless it has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

These ideas gave Bing cause for thought. Finally he agreed to give it a whirl.

Not long afterward I found myself in the golf club at Hayden Lake, Idaho. Bing was spending the summer there. Bill Morrow, Bing's radio and TV writer, was talking to me when I gradually became aware that a pair of speculative blue eyes had been studying me from across the room. Those eyes were trying to figure out whether I had an angle to shoot, an ax to grind, whether I was a right guy or a wrong guy. Finally they made up their mind.

Bing walked over, sat down and talked to me.

We made a date to go to work the following afternoon. We worked every day for two hours from then on—even in the stateroom on the *Liberté* when Bing was headed for England—until we were finished.

There is this about Bing. Once he makes up his mind you're a right guy it's hard to change his point of view. He's been a friend of mine ever since.

That was how in 1952 I happened to collaborate with Bing on a book titled *Call Me Lucky.* In its magazine version, its hardcover edition and its softcover edition (the latter two published by Simon and Schuster), its *Readers Digest* Book Condensation and a clutch of foreign editions. I've never been able to estimate how many copies of it reached readers. All I know is, it's been nine years since we wrote it, and once in a while I still get a small royalty check like $10.90.

I flew the *Call Me Lucky* manuscript out to Hayden Lake for Bing to O.K. it. It was deep winter. It was cold at Hayden Lake. It was cold inside Bing, too. His wife, Dixie Lee, had just died. He was visibly shaken. But he got out his pencils, and he spent two days going over our manuscript. He added sentences and paragraphs, even whole pages; he cut as well. Whenever he touched it, he improved on his original taped material.

A lot of personalities I've worked with have told me, "I always wanted to be a writer." Bing never said that—but he is a writer and a good one, too. If you see the first album ever cut for Pat Suzuki, read the liner notes. Bing wrote them. Even if I hadn't told you, you'd know it. The words are pure Bingese.

In 1957, when I started a series with the running title "I Call On. . . ," the first person I Called On was Bing. That call set the pattern for the other thirty-odd calls that followed. Bing and I sat down and had a casual, rambling conversation. I've done that with whomever I've Called On since then. I take a list of previously prepared questions in my briefcase and I bring them out only if our conversation lags. Almost always I leave these questions where they are.

When my tapes are transcribed they are usually chaotic. Nothing is in proper sequence. It's my job to take what we've talked about and give it a beginning and an end. The middle is the easiest, although nothing about writing is easy for me. Only the interviewing itself is fun.

When I Called On Bing, we spent some time talking about the difference between rock-and-roll and rhythm and blues, and about Elvis Presley's chances of really

becoming a permanent fixture in the entertainment world, and other such trivia. Nothing important or distinguished, but the way it worked out was a new kind of interview for me. It was for Bing, too.

As my I Call On series grew and proliferated, many people got the notion, as I mentioned at the beginning of the book, that it would be fun to do a switch and write a story titled "I Call On Pete Martin." Because I'd had such a pleasant time working with him before, I had a fixed idea that if anybody did it, it ought to be Bing Crosby.

I suggested it to him. Finally I got the word that he would do it. All I had to do was to deliver myself in Palm Beach, where he was getting in a little golf at the Seminole Club. I was on the next plane.

Bing and I started in a hotel room, with me poking typed questions in front of him. Otherwise he would have forgotten that he was what he called "the inquisitor," and all we would have done would have been to have a casual and (to me) completely enjoyable conversation.

My idea of a good way to make a living would be to write a series of interviews with Bing: "With Bing in the Rockies," "With Bing on the Mississippi," "With Bing off Baja California," "With Bing on the Golf Links." He is a delight to shoot the breeze with.

"Come to think of it," Bing ruminated, "your interviews, or shall we say a selection of highlights from your interviews, ought to make a good book. People like to have a vicarious visit with folks in show business. Yours can be a tome with no ax hidden in it, no skull-bustin' message, just amusing and revealing oddments about people who seem colorful to the rest of the world because they wrest their living from the strange and seemingly occult process of helping people escape from themselves for a moment.

"There ought to be more books which entertain and beguile, instead of shock and clobber you over the noggin with frightening cynicism and smart-aleckness. All you have to do is read the newspapers and you've got *that.* I find that I have to read a little before I go to sleep, and while I'm trying to compose my soul for slumber I don't relish discovering that fall-out is going to turn my bone marrow into cornmeal mush or that my business is peopled with pumpkinheads or perverts. No matter what time it is, I have to do a little reading to let my mind run down. I wake up in the middle of the night and do a little more scanning. Do you sleep right on through, once you go to sleep?"

"No," I said. "I wake up frequently. Last night I woke up twice, read, and then went to sleep again. Have you done that all your life, Bing?"

"Ever since the Rover Boys began to set my veins on fire," he said. "But about this interviewing, I gather that I'm supposed to ply you with questions." He was amused by this bizarre reversal of his usual role in such encounters.

"Now that you're about to interview me I'm worried," I said. "I've interviewed maybe a hundred people in this grease-paint-and-hairpiece business, but last night and this morning I've found myself hoping I'd be able to give you a good interview. I wonder if the people I Call On go through the worrying that their interview will be good. Do they brood about their ability to say the right thing, the intelligent thing, or the witty thing?"

"I can only tell you about myself," Bing told me. "When you interviewed me, I was relaxed, at ease, unworried. I was sure you'd be prepared with things to ask me that would provoke a few pithy thoughts on my part; they might even lead to others if you were sufficiently provocative and searching. Perhaps my nerve processes are sluggish. I imagine that the average person you interview puts in a little time worrying about whether he's going to look good when you get through with him. No one likes to bare his soul; neither does he want it to look dull, dreary, or uninteresting."

I said, "Maybe you're like Como and Garry Moore and Dean Martin. Nothing seems to bother you outside. I don't know what goes on inside of you."

"Same thing," Bing said. "A vacuum. A great big vacuum."

"For all I know," I said, "you may have red-hot lava boiling in your insides."

"Only after a Mexican dinner," Bing said. Then he remembered. "Hey, how about a question? Would you like to change places with a lot of the people you interview?"

"Most of the ones I call on are very successful," I said, "very prosperous. They own valuable properties. How do you mean, would I like to be in their place?"

"You wouldn't want to be in Hope's place," Bing told me. "You may work hard, but Hope works hard enough to kill two men."

"He seems to have made a good recovery from his illness," I said.

"I played golf with him four weeks ago. He was in fine form. He was full of airy pleasantries, and he played well. He flew out that night, emceed a banquet in San Francisco, came back the next day, played in a tournament, then whipped off to Washington, D.C." I told Bing.

"I'm not surprised," Bing said. "He doesn't talk about his helpful deeds."

I said, "I have a lawyer named Phil Strubing. He drew up my contract with you when we wrote a book together. I owed him a hundred and fifty dollars for his legal work but he said he'd erase it from the books if I'd arrange a golf game between you two at Pine Valley. I tried, but you couldn't make it. Strubing finally said he'd settle for a golf match with Bob Hope."

Bing arched his eyebrows. "Second choice, hey?"

"Second choice," I said.

"You're very kind."

"What's your handicap?" I asked.

"I'm a four," Bing said.

"What do you suppose Hope's is?" I inquired.

"About a seven. As far as Strubing was concerned, I'd have been an easier go for him. What's *his* handicap?"

"About a three," I said, trying to remember.

"Looking out," Bing said. "If I played him I'd have to have a stroke handicap. If he played Hope, that bandit would ask for about twelve."

I went on, "I took Strubing out to your club, Lakeside. Hope showed up and watched my man hit a couple of buckets of balls. Strubing is a very competitive type. He used to be a quarterback for Princeton."

"I remember him. Good athlete—still has natural form, I suppose."

"All I know is he swung at those balls. Hope stood there and watched him and said, 'My God, Martin has rung in a ringer on me. This character has got a little motor in every ball that's going to make every one he hits run right into the hole.' Of course, Hope knew every blade of grass on the course, and what with his constant flow of light talk and his chatter he contrived to take my man. But I paid off my bill."

"Perhaps Strubing was too serious and trying too hard, which made him press a little," Bing said thoughtfully. "Hope will get a fellow to doing that if he can. Gamesmanship! He used to be a pool-hall hustler before he started stealing money in show business, and he has many a maneuver at his beck and call. He probably sensed that Strubing was dying to clean his clock, so he became airily complaisant, studiedly careless. You say he had some conversation going all the time. That's Hope's greatest psychological weapon on the golf course—the stale jokes, the blarney, little light needles here and there. Like 'I don't know how your ball stayed out of the hole. You certainly stroked it beautifully.' And all the time the guy he's talking to knows he jerked it. This routine is good for six shots a round."

"Sounds like you're used to it," I said.

"I do straight for him," Bing explained. "I always take him for a partner—and we needle the other two guys. I've learned from past experience there's no way to beat Hope because he always asks for an exorbitant handicap—more than you can really afford to give him."

"Does he always get one?"

"He does from the other fellows," Bing said. "Not from me, because I won't play him. I'm his partner. I take advantage of the deals he makes on the first tee. But I've gotten away from interviewing you. When you Call On some of the people you call on, do you find it reassuring that they're human after all? That they're not idols, that they are easy to talk to? Does that discovery give you a greater facility with the questions you ask?"

"In the first place, I'm not afraid of them," I said. "I've seen too many of them in their shorts and socks, although I exclude Marilyn Monroe from that picture. I'm only afraid of not getting a good story."

"Do you usually like the people you talk to?" Bing asked. "Do you make out on a man-to-man basis, or is it more that a star condescends to grant a few words to an ink-stained scrivener?"

"With a few notable exceptions, I like most of the people I interview," I said. "I didn't like Arthur Godfrey, and he didn't like me. I spent nine months working with him and it takes that long to dislike him the way he deserves to be disliked. The guy is a genius at finding your weak spot. I'm work-happy. As soon as he found that out, whole weekends went by in which we did not work at all. I sat from Thursday night until Sunday night watching him play gin with his plane pilot or practice dressage with his steed, Goldie, while I slowly and miserably died.

"Then there's Mike Wallace with the portentous voice and the incisive manner. And there's Jack Paar, whom I never got to interview at all. There have been a few others who dislike me but whom I didn't dislike—Shelley Winters, for instance. Like them or not, I try to be objective and detached about them, but there are certain magazines that wouldn't employ me on that basis."

"You mean because you're not sufficiently acerb?" Bing asked. "I suppose you've got to be controversial, fair or unfair, before some magazines would feel you're turning in 'honest copy.' Perhaps, the way journalism is today, a writer or an interviewer is supposed to go at his story with a preconceived point of view; if anything upsets that viewpoint, scrap it. On the other hand, I don't think your interviews are Pollyanna-ish. They're decent, yet definitely adult. I've just finished reading your Dean Martin interview. He was surely frank. No one could accuse you of pulling your punches with him, especially about his early days.

"Very candid fella, Dino," Bing went on. "Did he tell you that he always becomes very nervous when he records?"

"No, he didn't tell me that."

"Well, he told me and Sammy Kahn, who helps write his songs for him, that he's in a snit when he has to record or make a personal appearance. He doesn't have a great deal of confidence in his singing, or didn't you know?"

I admitted I didn't know.

"He doesn't think he can sing," Bing told me. "I caught his act at Vegas last spring. He was on forty-five minutes and he never finished a song. He'd do a few bars, then he'd say, 'This don't sound good to me—I know you don't like it.' Then he'd stop and tell a few jokes, sing a bit of another song, and say, 'This thing isn't going anywhere—I know that. Let's drop it.' He did that for more than forty minutes; then the lights went down and they hit him with a beautiful blue pin-spot, the violins segued into a gorgeous introduction, and he started very softly and tenderly—'You made me love you—You woke me up to do it.' And that was the end of his act. That sort of goes with a blue spot, doesn't it? He was on forty-five minutes and they loved him, but he literally never sang a song all the way through."

"Amazing," I said. "But Dean's nervousness doesn't show on the stage does it?" I said.

"It doesn't show up in his work at all, regardless of

whether he's on the stage or recording. He's an interesting guy; I'm very fond of him. I guess everybody likes Dean."

"How do you suppose Jerry Lewis feels about him?" I asked.

Bing said, "Dean says that every time he's in a hit picture, Jerry has a sinking spell. When people work together in night clubs, vaudeville and pictures it's a close association, sometimes for fourteen or fifteen hours a day. Tensions develop. Animosities appear. Differences of opinion crop up about the act and about business affairs. There's no way to avoid it. It happens all the time with teams. In their case it culminated in a blow-up. Actually the split was a good thing for both of them. They're each trying to outstrip the other. That's normal; that's healthy; it's good for their careers. They wouldn't be human if there wasn't a little rancor there, a little envy, but it will pass. You'll notice that more and more in their appearances they get laughs by referring to their former association and their bust-up."

"Take Debbie Reynolds," I said. "She was an easy interview, but when I talked to her she was a controversial subject. She had to be—she'd been part of a triangle. Only I felt that our conversation, as I described it, made her appear more tolerant, wiser, more grown up, more of a person than she actually is. Yet after reading my interview she had her publicity agent send me a wire saying, 'I regard this as an unfriendly article.' It's my hunch she only read the first three or four paragraphs. I don't think she read the rest of it, the part in which she came through good."

Bing said, "To give her her due, I made a movie with her once, and she's a good talent. She can do anything."

"She's young, but her eyes look old and tired," I told him.

Bing said, "She's been in show business ten or twelve years, but she's got a lot of mileage out of those years. In addition to her personal problems, which have been widely publicized, and the maintenance of her home and the care of her family, this girl works very hard when she works. She's done a great deal of singing and dancing and endless hours of rehearsing; she's made a great many pictures. She's an outstanding performer and a fine mimic. She can do pretty nearly everything anybody wants to do in show business. Before we started our film together several people inferred that I might have a little trouble, that she would be difficult to work with, but I didn't find her that way at all. She's ambitious, but that's no knock. She wants her way about how she's going to do things, but maybe that's the way *I* wanted her to do them too. I don't know, Pete. I'm putty when they're 'five foot two with eyes of blue.' Anyhow, we got along famously."

I suggested, "Maybe you get along well with everybody."

"You know better than that," Bing said. "But I have a secret. You might almost call it a method. If we can't get along, I duck 'em. Not very brave, but convenient. But about my interview with you, which we have virtually forgotten. Do you think nice guys make poor interviews?"

"We've been talking about how some editors take it for granted that controversial figures sell more magazines," I said. "That's not true. The first series of articles I did with a show business personality was with you—'Call Me Lucky.' Then I did a series with Bob Hope. Each of them set new newsstand and total circulation records for the *Post.* I don't think anyone can say that you two were controversial at the time of our collaboration."

"I know it goes against the grain in some quarters," Bing said, "but I think that readers like to hear nice things about actors. The other side has become a cliché. People write books, or at the very least, long articles about what monsters actors are. Apparently you don't think such people are automatically vile, loathsome or despicable, or you wouldn't be wasting your time writing about them. It's the easiest thing in the world to be downbeat. Oddly enough, it takes more guts to be upbeat than to write slanted stuff. The public hears so many bad things about our profession and about the Hollywood life that when you depict the opposite, and it happens to be true, it's bound to make the downbeat school of writers furious. I sense that you are suffering from an inferiority complex about your interviews. You are gnawed by a feeling that they ought to be rougher, meaner, gamier, nastier. Don't be that way. I mean it quite seriously. Your interviews are intelligent and informative.

"The corrosive bit has been overdone. Which reminds me of another question I have for you—it's a tough one. Do you write hoping to help build circulation, or because you like to write a good story? Does the feeling that you've helped jack up magazine circulation give you a sense of gratification, or are you more interested in somebody in your own craft telling you, 'That was a hell of a job you did'? Which would give you the most pleasure?"

"My main concern is one of personal pride in writing a good story," I said. "I like to think that I help sell copies of the publication I work for. After all, I'm not a Koestler or a Kafka. I'm just a reporter trying to write the best he knows how. Second, I care whether or not my editor likes what I do. If he doesn't like it the readers never get a crack at it. If the readers like what I do they prove it by buying it. I don't pull egghead readers. My articles aren't read by people who are primarily cerebral. I know that and accept it, but to a mass-circulation magazine, and any publication with a circulation guarantee of six million five hundred thousand is a mass-circulation magazine, the field of entertainment, certainly the area of personality exploration, is important."

"What happens when you write a fine series on somebody who isn't as hot or as interesting or as newsy as another person?" Bing asked me. "I take it that a person's being in the public eye or being a household

word has a great deal to do with circulation."

"I can give you an example of that," I said. "When I called on Frederick Loewe and Alan Lerner my editor said he thought the interview I brought home was one of the best stories I'd written—by that I suppose he meant it was passable prose—yet he was afraid it wouldn't do much on the newsstands. I'm grieved to say that he was right. Loewe and Lerner didn't move circulation up or down. People only seem to care about people they actually see on the stage or in the movies or on that twenty-one inch screen. They don't care about the people *behind* the scene. They used to. I've done stories about Mike Curtiz, Nunnally Johnson and George Stevens, and at the time they pulled very well."

"Maybe you should have done Cole Porter or Irving Berlin," Bing told me. "Loewe and Lerner are great creators and fine writers, but if you'd ask the average man who wrote 'I Could Have Danced All Night' he'd probably say Arthur Murray. Ask him who wrote 'Begin the Beguine' or 'God Bless America' and it's even money he'd nail it. I suppose *Fair Lady* was the best show I've ever seen, but hundreds of times more people have seen Porter's and Berlin's great film hits throughout the years, heard their songs on radio and TV, and danced to them for forty years. Their names are magic. If Lerner and Loewe had stayed together as a team, they'd have reached the same position. They'd have penetrated; and eventually they'd have been good copy. So they didn't move the magazine much, huh? I'll bet the story was good. I don't know too much about Loewe, though I love his music, but I know Lerner is very articulate and very knowledgeable. I'm sure he gave you some sharp material.

"When you interview nice conventional people, Pete," Bing asked, "people who are uncontroversial, do you try to needle them a little, to jab away at them, hoping to provoke something exciting, even at the risk of being a Paul Pry, a calculated sadist, or just plain mean?"

"If I happen to touch a sensitive area," I said—"and I think I should once in a while, to keep my franchise—it's mostly happenstance. But if an interview is bouncing along merrily, there's not much flavor of Q. and A. Ethel Merman was great when it came to answering questions, but I had to ask them. I had to have them ready. I spent two weeks going through her scrap books, boning up on queries to put to her. She answered them all bright-eyed, belting them out as she does a song, but at the end of each answer, there she was waiting for me to ask her still another question."

"She wouldn't take off into conversational orbit all by herself," Bing said. "That's not the Ethel I know. You must have frightened her. *That's* not the Ethel I know either."

I told him, "With some people, all I have to do is throw them a subject and they pick it up and run. Jackie Gleason is a master of conversation."

"Especially if you count interrupting," Bing said. "I'd call Jack double verbose."

"And Danny Kaye's a great wordsmith too. There are not many with whom I can turn on my tape recorder and feel confident that they can keep on talking without prodding from me."

"Danny is a great theorist," Bing said. "He has reasons for everything. His mind is very well organized."

"You know who else I had to ply with questions?" I said. Rock Hudson. It was the one time in my life when I came to call on an interviewee without a list of questions. I thought, I never need them anyhow, so why bother? And I came without any. Then I got down to his place at Newport Beach where he keeps his boat, and at the end of fifteen minutes he came to a full stop, leaned back and said, 'How about some questions?' To my horror I realized I had none. I just said, 'I'm sorry, I guess I'm not prepared. I'm afraid I'll have to ask for a raincheck.'

"Speaking of goofing," I continued, "why don't you ask me if I've ever goofed mechanically. Mechanically I'm a moron. I can't even drive an automobile."

"I'm no Juan Fangio myself," Bing confessed. When you first started to work with me you had a few problems with your word-recording machine. Unfortunately you were working with a guy who is just as clumsy as you—I can't fix a safety pin."

"I once missed a whole half hour of Bob Hope's reminiscences," I said. "And twenty minutes of Phil Silvers."

"With Silvers that *was* a loss."

"I really hit my stride with Jimmy Stewart," I confessed, "a whole two-hour tape was blank when I got home. I still don't know what Jimmy said on that tape," I admitted. "It was a hundred-and-twenty-minute lost chord—but when I came back for a retake he was game."

Bing said, "I'll bet you could go out now with Ed Murrow and a mobile unit into deepest Africa recording deathless tribal dialogue, and your machine would work perfectly."

"Where would I plug it in?" I asked. "I'm no good with these small portable jobs. All they do is pack tape into concrete wads I have to pick out with nail scissors. When I first approached Hope I said, 'I use a tape-recording machine, you know,' and he said breezily, 'O.K. We can do it on the course.' 'Where'll I plug it in?' I asked. 'On the caddy?' He hadn't thought of that."

Bing said, "You're known as a sort of national inquisitor—a busybody operating on a large basis. You've learned to ask questions which will provide replies. When you get home at night, does your wife find you asking her a lot of questions? Has question-asking become sort of second nature with you? Or, could be, you don't have any trouble getting her started?"

I said, "Her trouble with me as a talker is not with me questioning her. It's when we have guests in. She says I get too excited and I talk too much then. She has a nice way of putting it. What she really means is that I may have belted too many vodkas, or else just having people

around steams me up until I try to take over. I know I'm flapping too much but I can't seem to stop. I don't do this when there are just the two of us sitting there quietly. We chat a little about this and that, or we read, or we do crossword puzzles, or I edit one of my interviews."

"Has anybody ever offered you a bribe or a little payola," Bing asked, "either subtly or crudely, meaning, 'if you interview me, I'll slip you something under the table?' "

"I've had some tempting propositions put to me, such as 'How would you like to run over to Paris or Dublin at our expense and call on old whosis?' but that way lies moral decay for a writer."

"But no one ever really offered you an out-and-out bribe?" Bing persisted. "Put something out there to see if you'll snap at it?"

"Not as brazenly as that," I said. "A night-club owner once dropped a solid-gold Dunhill lighter in my pocket. I returned it to him by registered mail the next day. Over the years my bribe level has risen a trifle. I used to settle for a luncheon or a dinner or maybe a bottle of booze. Now if somebody sends me two bottles of booze I don't send them back. Each man has to work out his own standards of the favors he can accept without feeling too obligated."

I said, "Another reason why I'm leery of junkets has to do with one I was offered by a major studio. I don't mean junkets to Las Vegas because the personality I'm interviewing happens to be playing there, but big, suspicious-type junkets, payola-type hegiras. The catch with one such offer was the man who handles advertising for the studio that dangled it in front of me. I've only met him once, but he struck me as being a singularly hard-boiled egg, who would as soon sink a knife in my back as not. I said, 'Sure, I'll go.' Then I thought, *Suppose this thing doesn't come off? Suppose my interview's a bomb? Suppose this advertising man with the nose-cone guts calls up my boss and says, 'What happened to that piece that bastard Pete Martin was going to do? We paid his passage to Europe and back, and when does he kick through?'*

"I could just see my boss calling me into his office with a slow tide of red rising northward from his collar. I would have been chewed out plenty, and maybe I wouldn't be there any more. So I called that studio's publicity department and said, 'I don't think I'd better do it.' I understand this is not common in my profession—that a lot of people junket off to places like Tahiti, Istanbul, Berlin, Switzerland, at the drop of a hint."

"I think you were being overmeticulous," Bing said. "It's done, it's legitimate. A nice trip never hurt anybody."

"Does anybody ever call them on it if they don't kick through?" I asked.

"Oh, if they're bouncing for the nut, you'd better come up with a yarn. If you come up empty, they steam up a little. At the very least, you'd never be asked again. But you should have gone. Your parents must have been Methodists, Baptists or Presbyterians." He stared at my tape recorder slowly revolving.

"My next question as an interviewer is this: Who does the work, you or the person you're interviewing? In my case you did all the work and I just went along for the ride. How about the other people?"

I said, "I start my interviews by announcing, 'If this interview is any good it'll be your doing, not mine. You're the one who has to be intelligent and amusing and funny. I'm just the mouthpiece.' I got away with it until I ran into Danny Kaye. He said, 'Don't give me that jazz. If this thing is any good it's going to be you that's doing it. Don't try to hang your burden on me.' He stopped me cold for a moment. I'd never had it put to me that way before."

"Have you ever found anyone you interviewed who was exactly like yourself," Bing asked. "Someone with whom you were completely compatible? About whom you thought, *Now here's a guy I can really swing with because we think alike?"*

"I've interviewed people I'd like to be like," I said. "I'd like to be like you. I'd like to be like Perry Como. I'd like to be like Garry Moore. To me, you are all very low-pressure guys, at least on the outside. When I was with Como it was like taking a Turkish bath. I kept thinking, This guy is so relaxed. I wish some of this would rub off on me.

"It didn't. I'm all high blood pressure, go-go-go. For all I know, Perry is, too, but when you're with him he puts on a convincing I-don't-care front. I've thought that maybe it's because he's financially loaded so that he doesn't have to worry. On the other hand, he works very hard. That's an awful lot of shows he does. There has got to be some tension or some strain or some inner abrasion there, although I was never able to finger it. But to get back to have I ever interviewed anybody that I thought was like me—I'm a mass of insecurity. I'm cantankerous and contentious. I get into arguments easily, although I try not to when I'm interviewing anyone—but I can't imagine anybody with the same faults I have."

"We must be more alike than I thought," Bing said. "I feel the same way. I feel that I'm full of faults and phobias that people can be critical of."

"Do you think that you've ever met anybody that was just like you, Bing?" I inquired.

"Oh, my, yes, a lot of guys are just as big bums as I am. I admit I've met a lot more people I admire because they don't have the same faults I have.

"Do you ever have an assignment to interview somebody you think is a very hot subject, but as the interview progresses you lose confidence in the project, you can see it turning into a bomb, and you wish you could dump it?" Bing asked.

"That has happened to me several times," I said. "I once interviewed Sid Caesar. Unfortunately I came to see him the day he lost his job."

"Bad timing!" Bing agreed.

"I didn't know it, and it wasn't my fault," I said. "Sid's employees had just had a luncheon for him to tell him goodbye, and he sat back of his desk looking at me

as though I was a blend of J. Edgar Hoover and Mickey Cohen. He practically defied me to get any kind of answer out of him. Out of courtesy I wrote down his answers to my questions, such as they were, but I knew the whole thing was going to be a dog from the start. I pretended to go on with it, but I didn't even bother to type the material out when I got home. I knew it was dead before it was born."

"Caesar is a great talent," Bing said, "but I've heard that he's very uncommunicative even when things are going well. He might have been just as tough for you without the loss of his job."

"You'd be surprised," I went on, "at some of the other people I got nothing out of—Audrey Hepburn and Mickey Rooney and Jack Benny. I'm willing to admit that Hepburn and Rooney might have been my fault, but in Benny's case it's simply that you can't get his timing, his voice, his gestures on paper. And I couldn't capture his running gags because he's not really stingy or always thirty-nine.

"My experience with Rooney still baffles me. You'd think he is the extrovert of the world, a little man who would take over my machine and let me go to the patio and snooze while he conducted his own interview. He came to see me one morning at my hotel. I must have been nervous—I've never understood why—but I did all the talking."

"You did all the talking with Mickey Rooney in the room?" Bing said. "That's incredible!"

"He had his entourage with him," I said, "his outriders or whatever—his manager and his father-in-law and a couple of other types who just sat there and looked at me, but all he got in were a few horse laughs ha-ha-ha once in a while. I did the yakking. When I got home, my wife, Virginia, who did the transcription for me, looked at me bleakly and said, 'Why didn't you shut up? You ruined the whole interview.' And I had; I'd loused it up, but good.

"To get back to Jack Benny—I sat in his office one Saturday afternoon. I thought we had a very pleasant time together. We laughed at each other's pleasantries. We enjoyed each other. He's an agreeable man. I thought I had a great interview. When it was transcribed onto paper, it wasn't. We were just a couple of guys talking.

"My number one question was about timing. He's a master of timing, as you know, but he couldn't explain it. Maybe nobody can."

"You're right, you can't describe it or analyze it," Bing said.

I said, "After that interview, I still thought, *I've got to do something about this man. He's too great. But how do you translate those fabulous stage waits of his into words?*

"Then I had an idea. I called him up. I said, 'Why don't we drop around to the Hillcrest Country Club and tear a herring or lacerate some lox with some of your pals? I understand you have some wonderful conversation there with Groucho and Jessel and Burns.' The trouble was, Benny is no dummy. He knew exactly what I had in mind. I was trying to beef up my interview. I could feel him freeze—a little chill came over the wire. Then he said he didn't think that idea was so good. I said, 'Maybe we could have luncheon with some of your writers and you could toss the ball back and forth and I could get a few yuks out of that.' That's when the ice age really set in. I might as well have come right out and told him, 'Our interview wasn't very funny and I'm trying to salvage it.' That is not exactly the kind of thing you say to one of the world's greatest comedians. That was the end of Benny and me."

"He wouldn't go, eh?" Bing said.

"I don't know whose fault it was," I said. "Mine or Benny's. I'll never know. Maybe he's a guy who is great on the stage because of the character he's established for himself. But the stage is not the printed page."

Bing said, "I've seen Jack in private life on golf courses and at cocktail parties and dinners, and he strikes me as a great listener. A great laugher. He doesn't do much talking. He observes. I've been on a Benny show when Burns was with me as a guest star. Jack likes to get Burns started if he can, and between the two of them it flies pretty good. But, come to think of it, it seems to me he doesn't tell stories very much. Off stage, away from show business, he's a straight man. He's basically a listener.

"Do you think," Bing asked, "and I guess this cuts pretty close to the knuckle—that you're a good writer?"

"I don't think I'm a good writer at all," I said. "I think I'm a fair reporter. The best thing I have going for me is that some people find it easy to talk to me. Maybe it's because I'm *really* interested in them. No, I don't think of myself as a good writer in spite of the fact that hundred of strangers have told me that they like my stuff. I think they've just gotten used to reading it and to seeing my name."

"And you have other restrictions like good taste and accuracy," Bing said. "Also, if your interviewee ties up on you or freezes, it's empty saddles in the old corral. You're old and sage enough to be the father of some of the young entertainers you call on. Can you communicate with them? Do you tune in on their point of view?"

"I'll answer that one by dropping a name or two," I said. "I just finished interviewing Bob Newhart. He's only thirty-one, but we had no difficulty talking to each other for three hours. Since then I've interviewed Shirley Jones and Anna Maria Alberghetti and Nancy Kwan and Andy Griffith, who are even younger than Newhart. I find such sprigs much easier to talk to than Spencer Tracy, whom I called on just before Christmas. Tracy seemed craggy and prickly, possibly because he was working on a demanding movie and possibly because he's never given out interviews. From what you've seen of me, do you think age really has anything to do with my ability to communicate?"

"Don't look at me," Bing said. "I'm married to a young sprig and I have no trouble communicating with her. The thing is not to *think* old. I've met some college

kids who think as old as God. I don't want that kind of communication with life, ever." Bing thought for a moment, then said, "If someone told you an anecdote that made good copy and you thought it of doubtful veracity, would you use it anyway?"

"If I found out it was a lie, I'd junk it," I said. "If I haven't got enough material without that I shouldn't be writing the story. Occasionally one of our copy editors will come to me and say, "I've looked this thing up and he (or she) didn't do it at all." When that happens, I scrap it."

Bing asked, "Have you ever gotten letters from people saying, 'I know this guy you interviewed and what he told you is absolutely apocryphal.' Then he chews you out for using it."

"I get them both ways," I said. "If I tell the truth about an interviewee and if it's not palatable, I catch hell for not whitewashing him. On the other hand, I once got a two-page letter, single spaced, from a character in Canada who said Jimmy Stewart was a dope addict and a pusher, that he had a long record of arrests, and why was I trying to cover for him? So what am I going to do?"

"Have you ever done an interview on somebody," Bing inquired, "and submitted it to him, and there was something you wanted to use very badly, but he didn't want you to use it and threatened, 'Don't you dare use it. If you do, I'll do such and such'?"

I told Bing, "If someone is talking to me and he says, 'This is off the record,' or 'If you'll turn your machine off there's something I'd like to tell you,' I turn the machine off. I don't use it because I've swallowed the whole bit about the probity of the press and how a decent, ethical reporter doesn't blow the whistle on people. I do two kinds of articles. I do 'I Call On' articles, in which the person I interview doesn't see the finished product, and I do 'As told to Pete Martin' stories, in which the personality's name is signed to the story, so he's got to see every word of it and okay it or it doesn't get printed."

Bing asked, "How did you get started as a writer on the subject of Hollywood?"

"I used to do fiction," I told him. "Originally I was a purple-prose writer. I liked five-syllable words; six were better. Then I got to studying Hemingway's works and I figured maybe I was wrong. Maybe I'd better write simpler. Eventually I ended up with a style people claimed they could recognize as my own.

"The way I got started writing nonfiction about Hollywood and show-business personalities was this," I said. "Bob Fuoss, who was managing editor of the *Post* at the time, said, 'Why don't you go out to Hollywood and do a series of "Letters from Hollywood"? Turn in short articles, four or five pages, about the people nobody ever heard of, gatekeepers and greenery men and stand-ins and sound-effects men.' I did twelve of those in thirty-two days. Gradually they developed into what I'm doing now."

"Have you learned anything about Hollywood from the people you've visited there?" Bing asked me.

"I've learned quite a lot about Hollywood. Whether I've learned the smelly, bitter, steamy side of Hollywood is another matter."

"Do you think there is any seamier side out there than there is in other business? Some of our biggest executives don't smell too rosy lately."

"One book about Hollywood recently called me a 'low-pressure interviewer,' " I said. "I guess that means that on the whole I don't automatically hate Hollywood. A long time ago I decided I'd never live in Hollywood even if anyone wanted me to, because if I can stay away from it, it may still have some glitter for me, some romance—although in some circles it's popular now to figure it for a cadaver and dissect it."

"You're wise," Bing said. "You can be more objective about it if you keep it at arm's length, although people have pretty much the same faults all over, even in Philadelphia. I've lived and worked in Hollywood for thirty-some years. It seems to me that anybody out there who has ability and talent and wants to work has something the public wants. They don't have to give up any of their principles or live any different kind of lives than the fellows who live in Keokuk.

"We have some oddballs, some people whose behavior is sometimes inexplicable. But for the most part, people in Hollywood work very hard and have much the same interests people all over the world have. Sometimes a youngster vaults from complete obscurity into international prominence overnight. He wouldn't be human if he didn't wobble a bit, but he generally gets straightened out. Here's a bouquet coming up. As a reporter you've been fair and you've been accurate. I think you've told people a lot of beneficial things about actors that they didn't believe or weren't willing to accept.

"Don't ever get acrimonious, Pete," Bing told me earnestly. "Being a decent man has gotten you a lot of interviews you otherwise wouldn't have had. I know that even if you don't."

He stood up and looked out of his picture window at the palmtree-studded landscape. "I've got a golf game coming up. Maybe I should just send a check, but the walk in the country'll do me good." He put on his hat, adjusting it to that rakish Crosby angle. "See you around."

"I hope so," I said. "I hope so very much indeed."

WANTED

Can anyone make me an audio tape of "Stay Well" and "The Little Grey House" from the commercial Decca recording #24824 by Bing. Glad to pay any cost involved. Ray W. Hendricks, 250 South Lake Drive, Brick, NJ 08724-2261.

Maxene Andrews, 79; Member of Famed Andrews Sisters Trio

HYANNIS, Mass. (AP)—Maxene Andrews, 79, one third of the Andrews Sisters trio that sang "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" and a string of other swing hits, died at Cape Cod Hospital early Saturday (Oct. 21, 1995) after suffering a heart attack while vacationing on Cape Cod, Mass.

Ms. Andrews and her sisters, Patty and Laverne, were one of the nation's most successful women's singing groups, with 19 gold records and sales of nearly 100 million copies.

In addition to "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," their best-known songs included "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" and "Rum and Coca Cola."

At the height of their popularity in the 1940s, the Andrews Sisters appeared in 16 movies, including "Buck Privates," "In the Navy," "How's About It," "Hollywood Canteen" and "Road to Rio." They also had their own radio show, "Eight-to-the-Bar Ranch."

Laverne Andrews died in 1967, and the trio officially broke up the next year, after trying out a possible replacement.

Maxene Andrews began a solo career in 1979. Her last performance was Oct. 8 in the show "Swing Time Canteen"—her off-Broadway debut—in New York City's Blue Angel Theatre.

She also recently sang "America the Beautiful" for thousands of veterans in Honolulu, at ceremonies marking the 50th anniversary of V-J Day.

Many of these veterans had mobbed the Andrews Sisters when they performed for soldiers at military posts and hospitals in Africa and Europe during World War II. Ms. Andrews was recognized for her service in 1987 with the Pentagon's highest civilian honor, the Medal for Distinguished Public Service.

After the trio broke up, Ms. Andrews became dean of women and an instructor in speech and drama at Tahoe Paradise College in Lake Tahoe, Calif.

She was later promoted to vice president of planning and development.

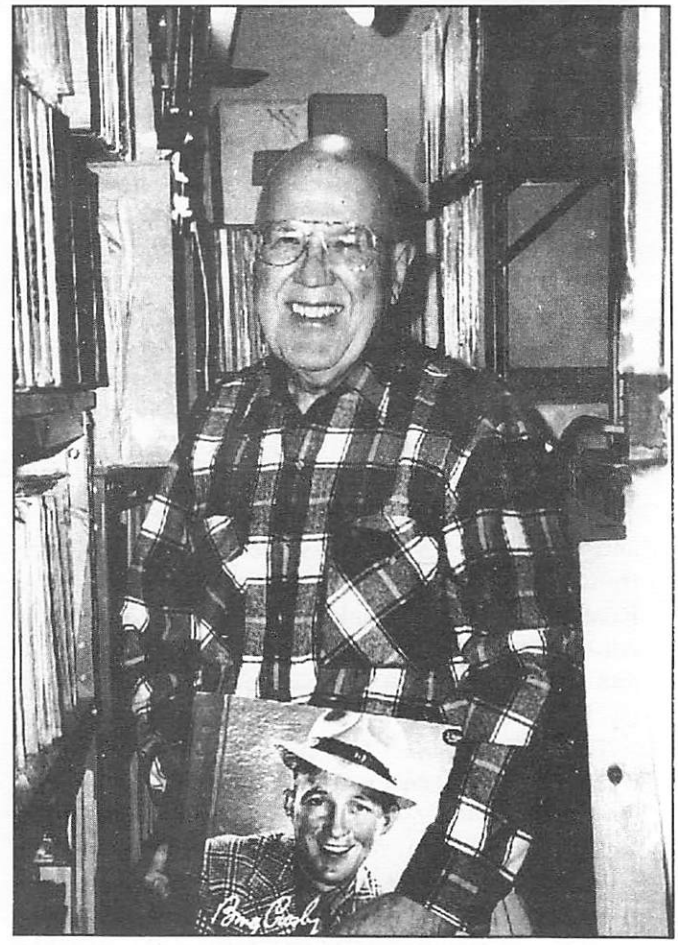
From the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* October 23, 1995

"...My City By The Bay..."

By Malcolm Macfarlane

During what appears to have become my annual pilgrimage to the USA, I happened to be in San Francisco during May. As usual on my travels, I do try to meet up with any local Crosby enthusiasts and in San Francisco, it just had to be Jack Souther. I have been aware of Jack's existence for many years and his mouth-watering adverts for the sale and purchase of rare Bing items have often caused me to draw breath in amazement.

I arranged to visit Jack at his house and like all Crosby folk, he made me very welcome indeed. Jack is now 76 but still has the collecting bug, so much so that he is now busy buying Laserdiscs although he does not have the equipment to play them. He does not consider himself the 'biggest' collector in the world (however that is defined) but he is particularly proud of his non-commercial record collection. The bulk of Jack's collection is stored in a packed system of racks spread over 2 large rooms and I was staggered by the sheer volume and scope of this. Jack not only collects Bing but many other artists as well and his collection must be far more extensive than that of many radio stations.



Jack amongst his treasures.

--Reprinted with permission from the editor/ author from IRC "Bing," August 1995.

The Sounds of Christmas

Rosemary Clooney Remembers Bing, Frank and Hollywood Holidays From Years Past

By Nick Clooney

Reprinted with permission from *American Movie Classics Magazine,* December 1995.

It is entirely appropriate that singer/actress Rosemary Clooney has become a standard-bearer for the Christmas season. She had plenty of early training. For the Clooney family, Christmas wasn't just the best holiday, it was the only holiday. None of that has changed. Rosemary's Christmas shopping is legendary, even in a family known for an extravagant love of the season. Some wish it could be Christmas every day, but if it were, the Clooneys would be bankrupt and exhausted before the Super Bowl.

Shopping is a significant part of a Clooney Christmas, but music has always been even more meaningful. And in the Clooney household, Christmas music has traditionally meant Bing Crosby tunes. "You know, I'm not sure that many people remember how identified with Christmas Bing was long before he recorded 'White Christmas'," Rosemary recently told me. "Don't you remember? He made hit songs out of the carols 'Silent Night' and 'O, Holy Night.' We would listen to his radio show every time it came on, but especially at Christmas. He was as much a part of the holiday as the tree."

Yes, Bing was all of that. There was no way for the three kids huddled around the Zenith radio to know that some day, one of us would be Bing's friend.

Many Christmases would pass before then. Rosemary and our sister, Betty, even shifted their loyalty away from Bing for a time when they were adolescents. As Rosemary admits, "Frank Sinatra. 'All or Nothing at All.' He was so good, but it was hormones, too. Betty and I loved Frank just like every other girl in the country. Sorry, Bing."

The Clooney sisters would sing on WLW Radio in Cincinnati and then on the road with Tony Pastor's Orchestra, criss-crossing the country. Eventually, the girls broke up the act. Within a few years, Rosemary had hit records, a movie career and what would prove to be a lifelong friendship with Crosby.

"When we first heard 'White Christmas,' I thought it was wonderful. The feeling of it was more than the sum of its words and music. I'm not sure how to explain it. Something Bing brought to the mix made it part of our Christmas fabric almost immediately. Of course, that was from the movie *Holiday Inn.*"

Ten years after *Holiday Inn,* Rosemary would get to know the song much better. So much better that it would identify her with the Christmas season forever. In fact, in last month's Macy's Thanksgiving Parade, my sister and I rode on AMC's *White Christmas*-themed float, in homage to the beloved holiday classic costarring Bing, Rosemary, Danny Kaye and Vera-Allen.

"*White Christmas* was Bing's picture," Rosemary remembered. "He chose the cast, approved the director and in a quiet way, oversaw the production. He picked me. He wanted Fred Astaire, who had done *Holiday Inn* with him for the other male lead, but Fred was busy with another project. Then Bing tried to get Donald O'Connor, who had just had his wonderful success in *Singin' in the Rain.* Donald really wanted to do it but became seriously ill before production began. Danny Kaye was an inspired choice, but not everything went well with him. One day Danny's wife, Sylvia Fine, came to me and asked me to talk with Bing. She said she had been barred from the set. Everyone knew that Sylvia was a genius at writing special material for Danny, but they also knew she could be very demanding when it came to getting the best for him. I went to Bing and learned something I couldn't tell her. Actually, it's something I haven't told anyone until now. Bing didn't bar Sylvia from the set.

"Danny did.

"Danny knew that this was Bing's picture and he very much wanted to do it. He was afraid Sylvia's persistence would hurt his rapport with Bing. I don't think Sylvia ever knew."

Hollywood meant a new life for the girl from Maysville, Kentucky. New horizons. A famous husband, actor José Ferrer. Five children in five years. It also meant giving up a few things. "I went to a party, a real Hollywood party," Rosemary recalled. "Bing was there. Bogie was there. Everybody I had ever seen on the screen at the Russell Theatre in Maysville was there. But it was Christmas Eve, you know. I had on a new dress and I was with brilliant people and Joe (José) was dancing with Betty Bacall and everything couldn't be better, but I was miserable. I went over to the corner by myself. Spencer

Tracy came up and asked me what was wrong. I said I'd never been away from home on Christmas Eve before. Spence glanced around the room and said in a matter-of-fact tone, 'Get used to it.' He was right, of course."

Show business provides no free lunch. The good news is your dreams can come true. The bad news is your dreams can come true. Still, Christmas finds its way to Beverly Hills, too. Rosemary remembers Bing, after the death of his wife, Dixie, and before he married Kathryn, caroling with his four older boys. "They'd stand outside and sing, then we'd invite them in for some hot chocolate and, of course, we'd slip the kids a few dollars. The youngest was Lindsay, and one year he looked at the dollar I gave him and said to Bing, 'Hey, Dad, we should come here all the time. Uncle Everett only gives us a dime!'"

Of all the carols she's sung and heard over the years, which Christmas songs stick with her? "Of course, Nat Cole with 'The Christmas Song' that Mel Torme and Bob Wells wrote," Rosemary told me. "Remember when we first heard it? Just after the war, and it sang of home and permanence. It just bowled us over. Frank had some interesting Christmas recordings. I think 'The Christmas Waltz' with the line, 'It's that time of year when the world falls in love' is very good. With my grandchildren, I love to sing 'Christmas Time Is Here' and 'Charlie Brown's Christmas.' There are so many."

Not so many, Rosemary. For a lot of us, there are just a few that touch us in a special way, year after year. "White Christmas," for instance. Now it's your song, Rosemary, as much as anyone's. And somehow, although the words make no reference to it, the girl from Maysville will convey in her song an ageless story of a homeless couple and their new baby, finding a deep joy in their love for one another on a clear winter night.

Betty is gone now, but for Rosemary and me, Christmas 1995 holds a promise as hopeful and glittering as each one before. Merry Christmas from the Clooneys.

Phil Harris Dies At 91; From Benny to Baloo

RANCH MIRAGE, Calif. (AP)—Phil Harris, singer, band leader and comic who teamed with Jack Benny on radio and TV and was the voice of Baloo the bear in Disney's "The Jungle Book," died Friday [August 11] at his home in Rancho Mirage. He was 91.

Harris died of heart failure, a family spokesman said. His wife of 54 years, actress Alice Faye, and his daughter, Phyllis Harris of St. Louis, were at his side.

He leaves another daughter, Alice Regan of New Orleans, four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

With a toothy grin and Southern accent gained during a childhood in Nashville, Harris created a caricature of himself as a lovable, heavy-drinking wiseguy.

His trademark was a finger-snapping rendition of "That's What I Like About the South," and he greeted Benny show audiences with a snappy "Hiya, Jackson!"

"If it hadn't been for radio," he once said, "I would still be a traveling orchestra leader. For 17 years I played one-night stands, sleeping on buses. I never even voted, because I didn't have any residence."

In later years, after the death of his close friend Bing Crosby, Harris took his place doing TV color commentary for the annual Bing Crosby Pro-Am Pebble Beach golf tournament.

In 1967, he emerged from retirement to provide the voice of the bear in Disney's cartoon version of "The Jungle Book." His voice and the song, "The Bare Necessities," brought him a new generation of fans, too young to have known the old Phil Harris.

Starting as a band leader in the 1930s, Harris' career flourished in radio.

As a regular for 16 years on Benny's radio show beginning in 1936, he revealed a talent for fast one-liners. It was there he originated the tipsy image that stuck with him.

In 1942, he and his 25-piece orchestra enlisted in the U.S. Maritime Service.

He and his wife teamed up in 1947 for radio's "The Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show," after they decided to have a family and settle in the Southern California desert some 100 miles east of Los Angeles. The show lasted until 1954.

His hit records included: "The Thing," "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette)" and "The Preacher and the Bear."

A short film starring Harris, "So This Is Harris," won the Academy Award for best comedy short subject of 1932-33.

From the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* August 13, 1995.

Robert D. Lundberg

Robert Dower Lundberg, born December 20, 1917 in Wadena, MN, passed away in Tacoma on November 4, 1995, from complications associated with cancer. He moved to Fircrest in 1927 and graduated from Stadium High School in 1936, and attended the University of WA. He served in the Army from 1942-1944, and met Joyce while stationed in Tulsa, OK.

He married the former Joyce Tremayne in September 1944. After the war, he returned to Tacoma and opened Lundberg Hardware. In 1954, he and his two brothers took over Lundberg Concrete Pipe Co., which was sold in 1978.

A long-time resident of Fircrest, he served two terms on the Town Council, and was a member of Fircrest Methodist Church. Bob was a charter member of the NW Tacoma Kiwanis, and served as President in 1957. He was also a past President of the UPS Toppers, Oregon-Washington Concrete Products Assoc., Tacoma Model T Club, and in 1989 founded the Bingthings Society, serving as its President and editor of the quarterly publication. Bob was a founding director of the former Western Community Bank, a member of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce, Fircrest Golf Club and the Tacoma Elks.

Their main residence was Tacoma, but for the past 17 years, much of their time has been spent at their home in Lake Havasu City, AZ.

Bob is survived by Joyce, his wife of 51 years; children, Roger (Julie), Ralph (Margaret), and Roxanne (James) Hjalseth; 6 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. He is also survived by his brothers, Bill and Jim, and was preceded in death by his twin sister, Virginia Windh, and grandson, Chad.

Bob was a man who had a deep love of nature, and will live in our memories forever.

A memorial service was held on Wednesday, November 8, 1995 at 1 p.m. in the Chambers Creek Chapel located at New Tacoma Cemetery.

—From a Tacoma newspaper.

From Pete Cakanic: I was disappointed that Bob's obituary did not mention much about his devotion to Bing. He was spending as much as 12 hours a day corresponding with Bingers around the world. He was duplicating videos and audio tapes. And, of course, he was editing *Bingtalks,* no small task in itself.

He died with his boots on, so to speak. I was very touched when Joyce revealed to me that he had medical tubes removed so he could sit up and edit the final edition of *Bingtalks.* A Bing fan right to the end!

Also, if I were writing the obit for inclusion in a Bing book, I'd point out the great affairs he orchestrated in Kingston, Fishkill, N.Y., Nevada, and other places.

Not to be forgotten is the devotion Joyce gave him. She was his right-hand person for over 50 years.

From Wayne Martin: Bob Lundberg's death is a blow for Bing's fans everywhere. No one was ever more devoted to Bing Crosby than Bob was and no one ever worked harder at keeping Bing's name alive. Sandy and I had the great pleasure of meeting Bob and Joyce when they were on the way to one of the Crosby gatherings he had organized. We sat in their van in a J. C. Penney parking lot and had a wonderful talk about Bing, the various Crosby clubs, and just about everything else concerning Crosbyana. It was an unforgettable experience.

Joyce wrote that the week before Bob died the hospital unhooked all his tubes, I-V's etc. so he could go home and print out the members' names on the mailing labels. It took him two hours and he was very tired by the time he finished. He was truly dedicated to Bing!

I spoke with Joyce on the phone the last part of November and am glad to report that she is doing okay. She is very grateful for all the support that she and Bob received from Bing's fans.

Bing Crosby. . . Back On Television

By Anthony DiFlorio III

TV viewers might have thought they had stepped into a time warp if they happened to tune into the Nostalgia Cable TV network recently. On Sunday night, there in glorious black and white, were Bing Crosby—circa 1959—with Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong and Peggy Lee. No it wasn't virtual reality à la *Forest Gump.* It was the Bing Crosby special of September 29, 1959. What was this program doing on TV amidst the *Love Boat* reruns? I endeavored to find out.

My first phone call was to the Nostalgia network itself. Director of Programming Mark Ringwald was gracious enough to explain the circumstances. I had always assumed that old variety programs were MIA on television because of the complicated legal music rights clearances. Not totally true, according to Ringwald. The Crosby specials he had bought for Nostalgia had been available for some time, but nobody wanted them. He said, "I thought they'd be perfect for our target audience demographic."

Further investigation led me to Rysher Entertainment, the syndicator of the programs. A spokesman said that they had inherited the package from their parent company, Cox Cable. He had no further information, but suggested I contact Bing Crosby Productions.

Well, I thought my search had come to a dead end when I was delighted to receive a call from Judy Jeffers of B.C.P. Judy was kind enough to fill me in. It seems that Bing Crosby Productions (which is no longer affiliated with the Crosby family) has retained the rights to 11 network TV specials originally aired between 1958-62 on ABC. Seven of these are included in the syndicated package that was offered and purchased by Nostalgia TV. A new reference book, *TV Specials,* was a big help in determining the credits and original airdates for each show. (See list at end of article.) Judy was pleased to learn about *Bingang.* "We receive a lot of calls about fan clubs," she said. "I didn't know where to direct the inquiries." I sent her the Club Crosby information.

If our members have any questions or comments, they can write to Judy at Bing Crosby Productions, 3400 Riverside Drive, Burbank, CA 91505. I would also recommend that members call their local cable companies and suggest that they carry the Nostalgia Network. You can also subscribe to the Nostalgia Network Program Guide by sending $9.95 to Nostalgia TV, 650 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20001.

Let's support *good* TV and encourage more variety programming—especially Bing!

BING CROSBY SPECIALS (ABC, 1958-1962)

- **The Bing Crosby Special** (ABC, 10/2/58). *Guests:* Mahalia Jackson, Dean Martin, Patti Page. *Music:* Buddy Cole. *Producer:* Bill Colleran. *Writer:* Bill Morrow. *Director:* Seymour Berns.
- **The Bing Crosby Special** (ABC, 3/2/59). *Guests:* Dennis Crosby, Philip Crosby, James Garner, Tom Hanson, Jo Stafford, Thelma Tadlock. *Music:* Nelson Riddle. *Producer-Director:* Bill Colleran. *Writer:* Bill Morrow.
- **The Bing Crosby Special** (ABC, 9/29/59). *Guests:* Louis Armstrong, Joe Bushkin, Peggy Lee, George Shearing, Frank Sinatra, Paul Smith, Jane Turner. *Music:* Axel Stordahl. *Producers:* Sammy Cahn, Bill Colleran. *Writer:* Bill Morrow. *Director:* Bill Colleran.
- **The Bing Crosby Special** (ABC, 2/29/60). *Guests:* Perry Como, Dennis Crosby, Lindsay Crosby, Philip Crosby, Elaine Dunne, Sandy Stewart. *Music:* Vic Schoen. *Producer-Director:* Walter O. Harbach. *Writers:* Herb Sargent, Sheldon Keller, Saul Ilson, James Elson.
- **The Bing Crosby Special** (ABC, 3/22/61). *Guests:* Maurice Chevalier, Hugh Lambert, Carol Lawrence. *Director:* William O. Harbach. *Writers:* Bill Morrow, George Foster, Saul Ilson.
- **The Bing Crosby Springtime Special** (ABC, 5/14/62). *Guests:* Edie Adams, Pete Fountain, Bob Hope, Tom and Dick Smothers. *Music Director:* David Rose.
- **The Bing Crosby Christmas Show** (ABC, 12/14/62). *Guests:* Mary Martin, Andre Previn, The UN Children's Choir. *Music:* Andre Previn. *Producer:* Nick Vanoff. *Writers:* Bill Morrow, Max Wilk. *Director:* Norman Abbott.

Anthony DiFlorio III of Philadelphia, PA is a member of Club Crosby and prepared this article especially for our journal.

Bing Studied At College

Member Bill Hunt sent in the following course description found in the 1994-95 Trinity College Catalog:

292. FROM BING TO WHOOPI: THE CHANGING FACE OF URBAN CATHOLIC LIFE IN AMERICA.

Cinematic images of Catholicism provide a point of departure for the study of the mutual influence of Catholic and urban life in the United States during the past fifty years. The course will combine the use of film with textual studies in history, theology and sociology to explore the Catholic experience of immigration, labor movements, racism, sexual revolution, and social change.

Bingle Bells, Bingle bells, Crosl

Cable channel movies will fill Christmas Day with music.

By SUSAN KING

© 1995, Los Angeles Times

HOLLYWOOD — Bing Crosby's films have nearly reached the status of Santa Claus' sleigh and reindeer as symbols of the holidays.

Consider how Der Bingle starred in three of the most popular Christmas films ever made: "Holiday Inn," "Going My Way" and "White Christmas." He also recorded "White Christmas," the best-selling yuletide tune of all time. And until his death in 1977, Crosby and his family appeared in 13 Christmas TV specials.

The Disney Channel and American Movie Classics are celebrating Christmas with the help of Crosby.

At 8 tonight and 2:35 a.m. Monday, Disney presents "A Bing Crosby Christmas: Like the Ones We Used to Know." His wife, Kathryn Crosby, and good friend Gene Kelly are hosts for this hour-long special from 1979; it features a compilation of clips from the 13 original Crosby Christmas specials that aired from 1962 until 1977. Among the guests of good cheer with Crosby are Fred Astaire, David Bowie, Carol Burnett, Jackie Gleason, Michael Landon, Mary Martin and the Young Americans singing group.

American Movie Classics, available to TCI Plus and Jones subscribers, is devoting all of Christmas Day to the films of Bing Crosby. So put some chestnuts on the open fire, pour a big glass of eggnog and find some cookies. Sit back, relax and nosh away.

Kicking off the Crosby marathon at 5 a.m. is the 1953 melodrama "Little Boy Lost." Directed by George Seaton, this tear-jerker finds Crosby as a newspaper reporter in post-World War II France scouring the orphanages to locate his missing son.

"Bing Crosby's Merrie Olde Christmas," the last of 13 Crosby Ch aired Nov. 30, 1977. Appearing on the show were (clockwise, frc Bing Crosby, his wife Kathryn, sons Nathaniel and Harry, and da Frances.

Next up (6:45 a.m.) is the 1944 classic "Going My Way." Leo McCarey directed this delightful comedy-drama about young Father O'Malley (Crosby), who wins the hearts of his crusty old superior (Barry Fitzgerald) and the young neighborhood gang. The film, McCarey, Crosby and Fitzgerald all won Oscars, as did the song "Swinging On a Star." But get a hankie out for the ending. (The following year, Crosby and McCarey joined forces for the sequel, "The Bells of St. Mary's.")

It's a veritable road trip when AMC presents four of the comic "Road" pictures Crosby made with Bob Hope. First up is 1940's "The Roa (9 a.m.) the first in the series. Crosby and Hc up women and hide o But then Dorothy Lan picture.

Then it's the so-so 19 ibar" (10:30 a.m.), the bunch — the terrific 19 rocco" (noon). In this to a slave trader in Mc on hand as a beautiful sings "Moonlight Bec

Next is 1945's funny Utopia" (1:30 p.m.). T

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boys and Lamour are looking for gold in the Klondike. Following that is 1942's "Holiday Inn" (3 p.m.), a cheery musical comedy that also stars Fred Astaire and Marjorie Reynolds. This is the film in which Crosby introduced the Oscar-winning Irving Berlin standard, "White Christmas."

Crosby and Astaire teamed up again for 1946's "Blue Skies" (5 p.m.). Berlin also supplied the music for this lightweight but bouncy musical-comedy about one-time show business pals and partners who become rivals.

The singing actor definitely has a "High Time" in the 1960 comedy (7 p.m.). Blake Edwards directed this farce that finds Crosby a widower who returns to college. Tuesday Weld co-stars.

Rainbow Productions

Bing Crosby as genial but strong-willed Father O'Malley in 'The Bells of St. Mary's'

Crosby scored a great success playing Father O'Malley; alas, the third time donning a priest's collar was not a charm for him. "Say One for Me" (9 p.m.) is one of his worst films. Sentimental and maudlin, this 1959 drama with music features Crosby as a Broadway priest who gets involved helping a chorus girl (Debbie Reynolds). Robert Wagner co-stars as the heel Reynolds is stuck on.

In 1952's "Just for You" (11 p.m.), Crosby plays a busy widowed producer who can't find the time to spend with his growing children until beautiful Jane Wyman enters the picture. Ethel Barrymore, Natalie Wood and Bob Arthur also star in this pleasant musical diversion.

Following is 1948's "The Emperor Waltz" (12:45 a.m. Tuesday). Billy Wilder directed this rather disappointing musical-comedy set in Austria about a man (Crosby) who sells record players to royalty. Joan Fontaine also stars.

Far more entertaining is 1949's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" (2:30 a.m.). In this colorful adaptation of the Mark Twain tale, Crosby is hit on the noggin and is transported back to the time of King Arthur. Rhonda Fleming, William Bendix and Cedric Hardwicke also star.

Concluding the Crosby fest is 1950's "Mr. Music" (4:15 a.m.), a routine but watchable musical-comedy about a Broadway songwriter. Peggy Lee co-stars.

Bing In Hollywood

By David Lobosco

"Variety Girl"

(Paramount, 1947)

Although not really considered to be a "Bing Crosby movie," the film *Variety Girl* was stolen away with a cameo appearance by Der Bingle. Filmed in only one month in 1946, the film was Paramount's last all-star film epic until *The Greatest Show On Earth* (1952). For many years, this movie was hard to find on television, but this past summer it was shown on the American Movie Classics cable channel a few times.

Although this summer marked the first time I had seen this flick, I was not really impressed by it. The plot, as little as there is, did not really hold my interest. I was surprised that there was a total of four writers who worked on the screenplay. Getting back to the plot, the major stars were Mary Hatcher and Olga San Juan, two star-struck movie star hopefuls, who roam the Paramount lot trying to get their big break.

By roaming the movie lot, they get the opportunity to run into many stars—literally. Along their path to fame, they happen to bump into: Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Gary Cooper, Sonny Tufts, William Holden, Dorothy Lamour, and dozens of other Paramount superstars.

The high point of the movie is a golf scene with Bing and Bob Hope, where they play their usual wisecracking selves. The finale of the film is also a strong point, when Bing and Bob sing "Harmony," dressed in the outfits they wore in the movie *Road To Utopia* (1946). Sadly, they never recorded the song, and that scene was cut when it was shown in the United Kingdom.

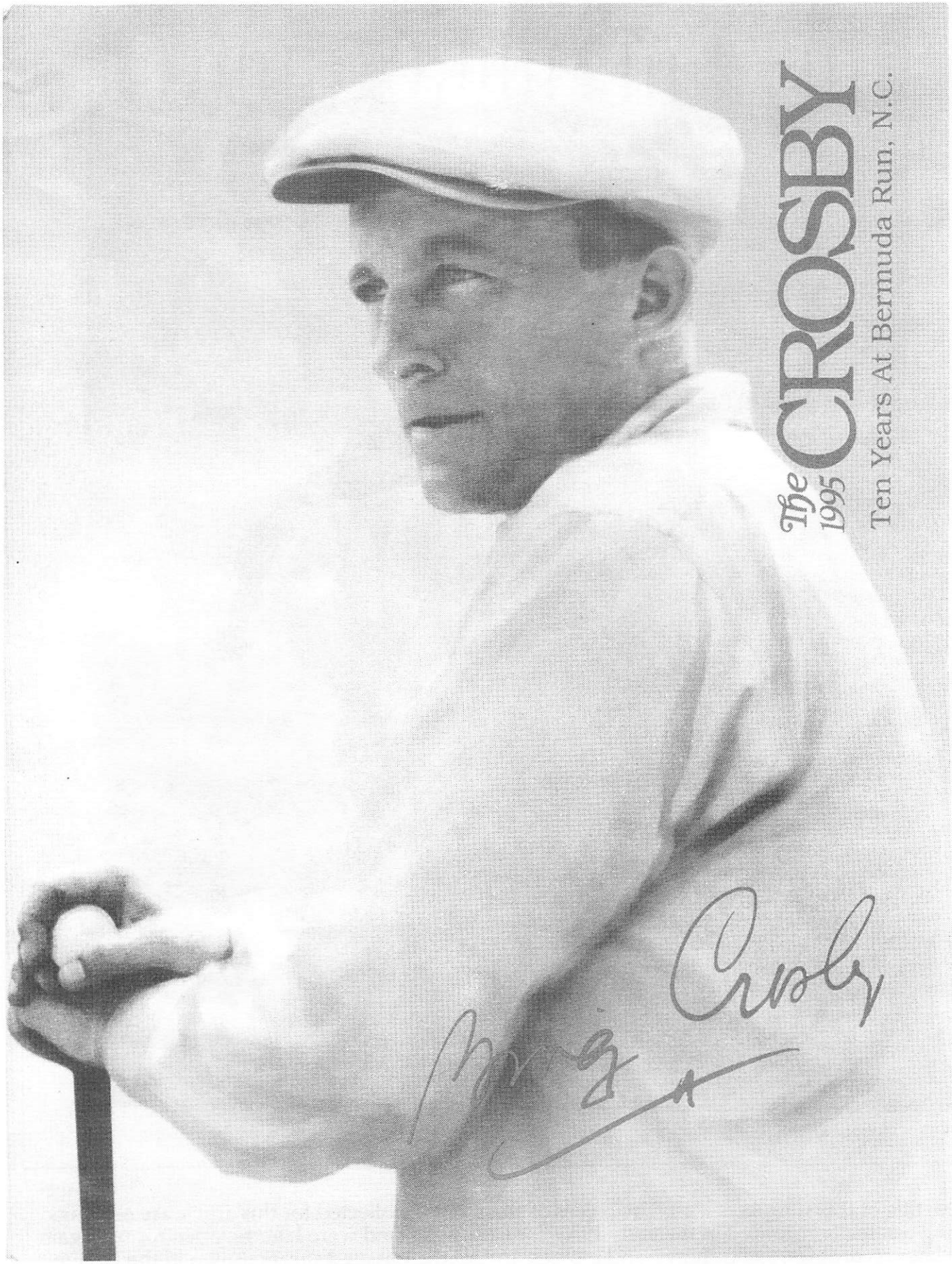
The song "Tallahassee" was sung in the movie by Alan Ladd and Dorothy Lamour, but Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters had a hit record of it. Vaughn Monroe also came out with a very good version of it. Other than that, the Frank Loesser score is pretty forgettable.

Mary Hatcher debuted in *Variety Girl* and was Paramount's answer to Kathryn Grayson, but after a few more films, Mary married and left the movies. Olga San Juan, whom I always liked, was in earlier Crosby film, *Blue Skies* (1946). I wonder what happened to her. Betty Hutton was scheduled to appear in the movie, but she and the studio could not agree on her role in the movie or where they would incorporate her present husband, for whom she insisted on getting a job.

Bing Crosby had only ten screen minutes in *Variety Girl,* but as usual he "made" the movie and helped to place it among the box office winners that year. Even with a creaky plot and corny jokes, Bing Crosby was a refreshing moment in the film and helped put the "variety" in *Variety Girl.*

Bing Crosby may not have been exactly a rock star, but he was the most durable recording artist in the history of the medium. His incredible career took him through every area of show business—radio, TV, films, theater, records—all conquered with his customary easy grace. Starting in the 1920s, when pop singers tended to overinterpret in a semioperatic style, Bing introduced warmth and intimacy to records and made himself the first legitimate pop idol. Between 1931 and 1957, he cut about eight hundred fifty records, with at least twenty achieving gold record status. Among them was his greatest achievement, "White Christmas." Recorded in 1942, it is still the largest-selling single in the history of the industry. Bing was the first record star to make pop singing "human," and managed to remain his unpretentious, witty, and charmingly hip self for more than seventy years. Bob Hope, Crosby's lifelong friend, summed it all up pretty well. "We've lost the most recognizable voice in the world," he said. "Bing called it 'groaning.' We called it 'magic.'"

Short but complimentary article on Bing's recording career from "The Top Ten--1956 to Present" by Theroux and Gilbert (1982)


The 1995 CROSBY
Ten Years At Bermuda Run, N.C.

The title of this song says it all. The pieces of sheet music collected for this article are all songs Bing originally recorded in the early 1930s for Brunswick and were later recycled for use again in later recordings, radio shows, and movies. Unlike the reissued sheets shown in the December 1994 issue, these five songs have no known Crosby equivalents dating from the time of his initial Brunswick recordings of them.

--Mark Scrimger

"I Found A Million Dollar Baby"
(Black lettering of title on dark red background xeroxes poorly!)

The Mildred Bailey Story

By Don Eagle

The year is 1930. Bing Crosby has graduated from Gonzaga Law School and is a struggling junior partner in a Spokane law firm. The depression is clutching its icy grip on the economy and times are not good. Al Rinker is selling carpets in a department store and is not doing well. He sees Bing occasionally, but the two are merely treading water in the sea of gloom.

Fantasy? Of course! It didn't happen that way because of one person, Mildred Rinker, later known professionally as Mildred Bailey, who was the catalyst that lured Bing and Al Rinker out of Spokane and sent Crosby on his road to destiny as the singing movie star we all know.

Born February 9, 1903, at Tekoa, Washington, Mildred Rinker was the first child of Charles and Josephine Rinker. Most biographies list the date as 1907, but later Mildred "erased" four years. The family with brothers Miles, Alton, and Charles Rinker, Jr. moved to Spokane in 1912. For five years the happy family lived at W. 1214 Mansfield, but Josephine Rinker contracted tuberculosis and died. Mildred was 14 and Al Rinker was 10. Al recalled standing at his mother's grave site and saying "Mother, you didn't live long enough for me to tell you I love you."

Saddened by the loss of Josephine and needing a woman's presence in the home, Father Rinker hired a housekeeper who had a daughter. When the girl received piano lessons and Al had none, Mildred showed her distaste for the housekeeper and acrimony prevailed. Attempting to bring peace to the home on West Mansfield, Mr. Rinker placed his four children into a gloomy boarding school and the disfunction of the Rinker family was complete.

The Rinker children came home on weekends, but the environment was so unhappy that the father wisely fired the housekeeper and the boys returned. But it was too late for Mildred. She fled to Seattle.

In 1920 seventeen year old Mildred teamed with a piano player in a sheet music store. When a customer asked about a song, Mildred would sing and a sale was made.

She expanded her career by performing in speakeasies (euphemistically called night clubs). Mildred met and married a Mr. Bailey (first name unknown) and acquired a name she would use professionally the rest of her life. Gaining confidence performing, she felt it was time to move on, so she left Seattle and Mr. Bailey and went to Los Angeles.

Meanwhile, Bing and Al, as related many times, were at loose ends when their group, "The Musicaladers," graduated from high school and went to college. With idle time on their hands, they concocted a duet and sought employment, but they didn't do too well--they

Mildred Bailey

worked in a few theaters but really not much was happening. But Al had been writing to his sister Mildred. She mentioned in one letter that "If you guys aren't doing anything and you can get to Los Angeles, come on down. I might be able to help you." The thought of Hollywood, the warm winters, the easy life, was most attractive.

Al enthusiastically approached Bing with Mildred's invitation, but Bing was doubtful and said, "I'm not too sure about this." He was still going to law school at Gonzaga, even though his grades were mediocre, but Al was ready to quit North Central High School and hit the road. Al suggested, "We're not doing much of anything here. Why don't we take that Model T Ford we bought for forty dollars from the Musicaladers and go down to Los Angeles and see Mildred?" Convinced, Bing said, "Oh, okay."

Al took the Ford home the night before and packed his bags. The next morning he drove to the Crosby home, and this is one of the quixotic points in Bing's career. Bing had "partied" the night before and was sleeping soundly. When Al arrived Bing's mother said "He's still in bed." Al went upstairs and practically had to pull Bing out of bed to meet his destiny. Bing didn't want to get up. It may have sounded like a good idea last night, but right now he felt Spokane was the place to be. He wasn't a bit enthusiastic about going to Los Angeles to see Mildred or anyone else. But Al was insistent. "We've made our plans. I've saved some money, you've got some cash. Come on and get up!" He pulled Bing out of bed and helped him pack a suitcase, put his set of

drums in the forty-dollar Model T Ford, and they drove down to Los Angeles. There's quite a story about that two week long trip, but we won't dwell on that now.

Finally arriving in Los Angeles, they found Mildred's home in the Echo Park district. By this time Mildred had acquired a new husband, Bennie Stafford. When the boys knocked on the door, Mildred was surprised to see them. She was an emotional person, and she cried with joy because Al was her baby brother, and she hadn't seen him for five years.

Mildred took Al and Bing to Mike Lyman at his Tent Cafe. He listened to their duet and hired them immediately! From there they went to vaudeville; from vaudeville to Paul Whiteman. Al and Bing joined Paul Whiteman in the fall of 1926, and 1929 found them in Los Angeles making *King of Jazz.*

Mildred's career was not doing so well. She had a radio broadcast on station KTMR, but she wasn't getting much work. By the time the Whiteman Orchestra arrived In Hollywood she had about given up the idea of being a singer and thought of settling down to her home life with her husband Bennie Stafford. But Al insisted she audition for Paul Whiteman and began talking her up to Paul. Not much happened. Paul had heard dozens of would-be vocalists, friends of friends of friends, all looking for the big break. They came a dime a dozen. He had long established a personal policy of keeping the door firmly shut to any such approach. So there was a stalemate until Al hit on a fool-proof strategy to lure "Pops" into a situation where it would be impossible not to hear Mildred sing.

A party was the answer. Mildred and Stafford invited almost the whole Whiteman band except its leader. Bing Crosby said, "Don't worry. Paul Whiteman will be there. He can't stand being left out. His curiosity will get the better of him, so wait and see." And he was right. Whiteman showed up later in the evening and Mildred greeted him with a motherly hug as she ushered him into the kitchen for her own home-distilled brew. As he stood there talking, Stafford, Bix, and Izzie Freedman were in the living room and Lennie Hayton was at the piano. Somebody said, "Go ahead and start singing, Millie. Now's your chance." So Hayton started playing "What Can I Say, Dear, After I Say I'm Sorry," with Eddie Lang joining in on guitar. Mildred sang, and out in the kitchen the King of Jazz stopped drinking to listen. He said, "Who in the hell is that?" He listened some more to her voice, pure and mellow and just sweet enough. The phrasing was great, professional yet personal. She had a voice unlike any that Paul Whiteman had ever heard before. Paul said, "That's absolutely gorgeous." Thus, in the old show business tradition Paul Whiteman discovered and hired a singer who just three days later joined his orchestra as Mildred Bailey, the first woman to sing regularly with a band. Now that was unusual. Stop and think. In the year 1929 and the 30s big-name bands had no girl singers. They would record with singers like Ruth Etting, but none of the name bands had a girl singer of their own. So Paul Whiteman broke the ice by hiring Mildred to be his girl vocalist.

Paul Whiteman produced the Old Gold radio show, and Mildred sang "Moanin' Low," a popular Broadway hit song of the day. The response was immediate. Many phone calls came in asking, "Who's this wonderful girl singer with Paul Whiteman?"

So Mildred became one of the band. She was a regular at all the parties and Paul went along with everything she did. Hoagy Carmichael wrote a special song for her, "Old Rockin' Chair." Very few people know that Carmichael wrote that especially for Mildred.

She was getting rather heavy now--kind of chubby and not very tall. She had spread out a lot. Mildred loved to wear black silk pajamas on jobs if she could get away with it. Most of the time Paul insisted that she wear a dress.

Mildred took a special shine to Bix Beiderbecke. She kind of cooed over him and chided him, sewed the buttons on his shirts. If he played specially well she was always there to give him encouragement, but if he showed up drunk or unkempt she would scold him like a country schoolmarm.

And then came a problem with the band on the road. Who was she going to room with? Everybody else was a male. Harry Barris tells the story that he was kind of left out, so he said, "I'll room with Mildred. Okay, Mildred?" Mildred said, "Yeah, that's fine with me. We'll have twin beds and everything will be okay. But one thing, Harry, no sex!" Harry says, "That's all right. No sex." Harry relished rooming with her because they were kindred souls.

New York was kind to Mildred Bailey. Always seeking fresh talent for the recording studios, the Dorsey Brothers, Jimmy Noone, and Casa Loma kept her busy with the hit songs of the day. In Chicago Ben Bernie added her to his recording band.

One record, "Home," was a big seller with Paul Whiteman. The lyrics are: "When shadows fall and trees whisper day is ending, my thoughts are ever wending home." She sang it with emotion, but there was irony in those words for Mildred, whose childhood happiness was short-lived due to her mother's early demise.

In the Whiteman entourage was a young xylophone player, Kenneth Norvo, whom everybody called "Red." Mildred and Norvo's attraction for each other blossomed into a full-fledged romance, so she parted company with Bennie Stafford.

When she and Red married in 1933, they left Paul Whiteman and launched a new band. It was a small orchestra of eleven pieces, but it swung in a soft subtle way unlike swing bands that overpowered their listeners. Mildred, a warm, charming extrovert, provided the group with flash and musical excitement. Billed as Mr. and Mrs. Swing, they played the best hotels and made a steady stream of successful recordings.

They had a neat recording ploy. The record labels said "Red Norvo and his orchestra with Mildred Bailey," and

when they wanted to change phonograph companies they called it "Mildred Bailey and her orchestra."

Mildred Bailey's career wasn't very long. She disappeared from the recording scene about 1942, and from then on no one quite knew what had happened to her. She'd make personal appearances on the radio, but her career really lasted about 13 years.

There's one more story, a sad epilogue. Mildred had gained weight and like so many overweight people she had acquired diabetes. She suffered from that, and of course that helped to close her career. There's an interesting story about this. Mildred had been living around New York City and had settled into a retirement home, but she wasn't well. Frank Sinatra and song writer Jimmy Van Heusen had heard that she was in dire straits and needed help to pay board and room in the institution she was in. Sinatra called Bing and said, "Bing, we're sending Mildred some money, and do you want to get in part of the action?" Bing didn't say much, but he said, "Yeah, count me in." Bing asked a lawyer in New York City to check on Mildred and find out what her situation was without saying a word to anyone else. When Bing discovered she was seriously ill and needed help, he put her on a stipend. Every month he covered all her hospital bills and sent her some money. He tried to keep it anonymous, but she found out who it was. In a way, Bing was repaying her for the kindness she had shown to Al and him by taking them in and sending them on their way to stardom. Mildred Eleanor Bailey died in 1951 at Poughkeepsie, New York.

So we conclude that if there had been no Mildred Rinker to encourage Bing and Al to come to Los Angeles and fulfill their destiny, the two boys would never have left Spokane. Bing was not a self-starter. He was always waiting for somebody to say, "Let's do this; let's do that." Al would have remained in Spokane. So let's pay a tribute to Mildred Rinker/Bailey, the catalyst, the one person that made it possible for the whole world to know Bing Crosby, whom all of us love and admire.

Editor's Note: We are very pleased to have this article from Don Eagle, a long-time member of Club Crosby, since we hadn't had an article from him in quite some time. Part of this article is based on his conversations with the late Al Rinker, which perhaps gives us a different perspective on Mildred Bailey.

How Bing Crosby Brought You Audiotape

By J. M. Fenster

Jack Mullin, Frank Healey, and Wayne Johnson show Der Bingle their recording apparatus, around 1952.

This article appeared originally in the Fall 1994 issue of *Invention and Technology*, © 1994. Submitted by Jim Hibbits.

The country's most popular entertainer used German wartime technology to bring tape recording to network radio

In 1933, as the Nazis took control of Germany and began to prepare for conquest, one of their first priorities was research into radio communication. Two years later German industry produced a new tool of the trade of listening: the Magnetophon magnetic tape recorder. The Magnetophon was the first truly practical recorder that used tape, and it emerged in the aftermath of World War II to set the modern course of magnetic recording. In America Bing Crosby staked his career in broadcasting to start a revolution for Magnetophon technology.

At the beginning of World War II, when the Germans were relying on tape recording, the Allies turned to magnetic recorders running wire or steel bands. All three were roughly equivalent in their common uses: speeding coded transmissions, retaining flight and battle information, and monitoring enemy communication. The tape recorder, however, offered far greater potential for improvement.

As the German army advanced and occupied more

territory—in various time zones—Nazi leaders balked at having to repeat their radio speeches over and over again. Two engineers at the German Radio Network, W. Weber and H. J. von Braunmühl, were assigned to improve the Magnetophon so that it could fool radio listeners into thinking that they were hearing live broadcasts. Working in Berlin in the summer of 1940, Weber and Braunmühl learned that the addition of a high-frequency current in the recording process would clear out extraneous hisses. At around the same time, I. G. Farben, the chemical concern, developed a plastic tape that improved the consistency of the Magnetophon's sound reproduction.

The new Magnetophon was so effective that American intelligence officers didn't even know of its existence until they noticed that certain German leaders seemed to be on the air around the clock delivering live speeches. John Mullin, an Army Signal Corps technical expert, reported hearing Berlin Philharmonic programs in the middle of the night with sound far better than from records. From afar the Americans realized that the Nazis had perfected sound recording.

When the Allies took the offensive in France in 1944, advance troops were given orders to retrieve a Magnetophon at the earliest opportunity. All that they found, time after time, was that German radio operators were obeying orders to destroy equipment before leaving it. Finally, in April 1945, the Americans captured a Magnetophon in Frankfurt-am-Main. Technicians, including Mullin, arrived to examine it, but by then the Signal Corps was overwhelmed with captured matérial.

As the war came to an end, the GI readers of *Yank* were asked to vote for the person who had done the most to boost their morale overseas. The winner was Bing Crosby. Crosby was the number-one movie star in America and sold more records than anyone else, by far. He was also the most popular singer on the radio, yet when he said he wanted to prerecord his weekly show, the "warfare was practically front page news," as he wrote in his memoirs. All prime-time radio shows were broadcast live before 1946. Recorded shows were outlawed on the basis that they would undermine the function of the networks and sound cheesy anyway.

ABC Radio, the weakling among networks, took Crosby in, gladly, and he was allowed to record his show using the reigning technology of the day, wax disks. This victory gave him creative control, but most of all it meant that he wouldn't have to be in town and at the studio on thirty-nine straight Thursdays each year.

Bob Hope was the guest star on Crosby's first recorded program, October 16, 1946, and on later shows. Whenever he ad-libbed something racy during the show or read a joke that fizzled, he would lean back and call over to the sound engineer, "Lift the needle on that one, will you, boy!" Editing a wax disk was a laborious process, but it allowed engineers to take what Crosby called "the flab" out of a show, leaving the best thirty minutes for broadcast.

At first the experiment worked; ratings were high. As the season progressed, though, the show faltered amid complaints that the music sounded tinny and Crosby's voice "fuzzy." The whole process appeared to be more trouble than it was worth, and Crosby came under terrific pressure to give it up and revert to live broadcasts. But he delayed a decision and asked his producers to investigate magnetic recording. Magnetic recording in its wire form was a rising star of the postwar market, but seemed unlikely to offer anything good enough for a radio show until the producers met Mullin, who had sent two surplus Magnetophons home from the war. He staged a demonstration of his own improved version, developed in conjunction with a flagging company called Ampex.

The season premiere of Bing Crosby's show, October 1, 1947, was the broadcast premiere—in America—of magnetic tape recording. It sounded so much like a live broadcast that other radio stars immediately demanded to prerecord their shows; the old network ban subsequently collapsed. Radio stations and record producers, rushing to buy Ampex tape recorders, were directed to deal with the distributor, Bing Crosby Enterprises. Ampex used its Crosby windfall to develop other commercial recorders, becoming a leader in the industry, and Mullin took the job of chief engineer at Bing Crosby Enterprises.

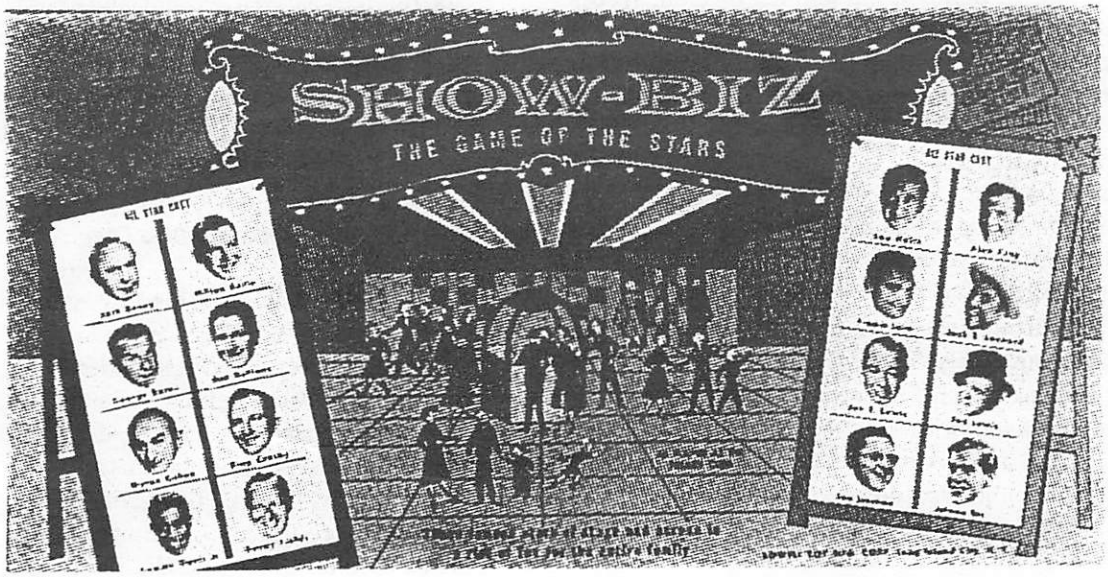
Bing Crosby was the only entertainer powerful enough to advance the development of magnetic tape so quickly. He also happened to be the only one clever enough to want to and stubborn enough to need to.

MARY WICKES

Mary Wickes, a tart-tongued character actress for 50 years, died on Oct. 22, 1995. Her long career in films extended from "The Man Who Came To Dinner" to the two "Sister Act" movies. She was 85.

She is pictured below with Bing, with whom she appeared in "White Christmas" as Emma Allen.

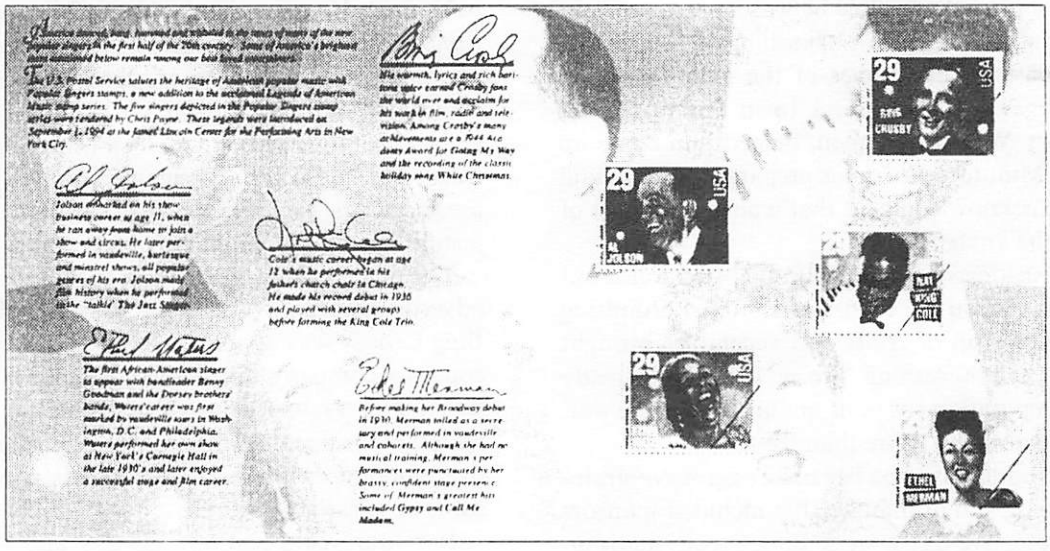
COLLECTORS CORNER
SOMETHING OLD - SOMETHING NEW



From the mid-1950s comes the "Show Biz" board game. A picture of the box cover in a price guide is all I've ever seen of it, so I have no idea how it's played or what contribution Bing makes in the action. The "White Christmas" 40th Anniversary collector's edition has many nice things inside. I found the script the most unusual piece because it turned out to be an early working edition (as opposed to a word-by-word transcription done after the fact), and it bears little resemblance to the finished film. Most interesting, but an odd version to include!

M.S.

Last, but not least, is the popular singers stamp folio with Bing prominent (but reversed) on the cover.



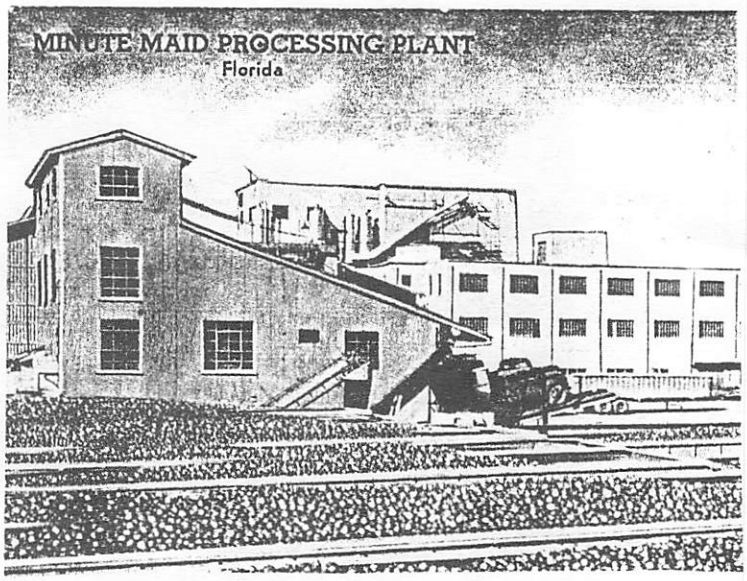
Meet legendary performers who've made America sing with Popular Singers StampFolio, a fun and affordable way to celebrate our country's rich musical heritage and hold onto your favorite stamps. Popular Singers is just one of the StampFolio keepsakes, on a wide variety of topics, on the program at your local Post Office. Why not start your own collection?

This StampFolio includes five 29¢ Popular Singers stamps with mounts.

Minute Maid: Bing's Orange Juice

From "I'm A Spam Fan"

By Carolyn Wyman



In 1942, the U.S. Army let it be known that it would be willing to offer a $750,000 contract to anyone who could come up with an orange juice powder that could be produced cheaply and in quantity. They were looking for something along the lines of what we know today as Tang.

Adapting an evaporation technique it had developed for penicillin to orange juice, the National Research Corporation had been able to concentrate the juice, hold it in cold storage and finally (but not without considerable difficulty) dry it. By 1945, NRC had the contract. But one hour after NRC company president John Fox had picked up plant financing from investors, the A-bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. With the war soon to be over, Fox realized he would have to find a new market for his orange powder.

To make some money while he was working out the kinks in drying, Fox decided to try selling off some of the frozen concentrate. Executives of the Henry Loudon advertising agency in Boston, a town famous for its Revolutionary War Minutemen, helped him come up with a name. Minute meant quick preparation, and Maid was a simple acknowledgment that women did most of the work in the kitchen.

The first truckload of frozen Minute Maid rolled out of the plant on April 15, 1946. Sales looked promising until a bumper crop of fruits and vegetables brought fresh produce prices crashing. Frozen foods had already developed a reputation for poor quality during the war, and now they also cost more than fresh.

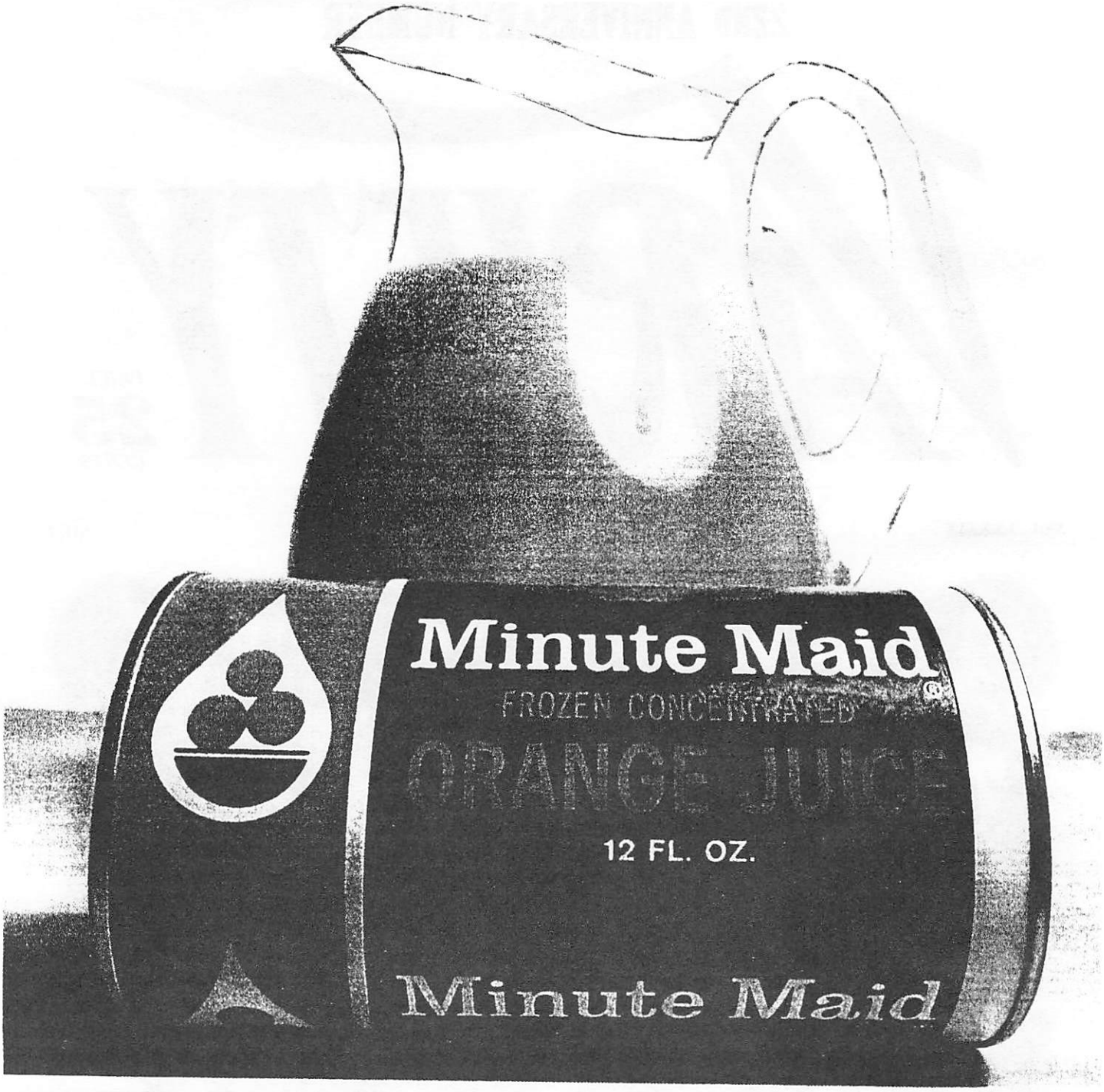
To save his company, Fox began an aggressive strategy of advertising and promotion that included sponsoring a 15-minute, five-day-a-week Bing Crosby show on radio. Crosby's popularity and easygoing image were just what was needed to help people overcome their fears of the freezer. One print ad featured a picture of Bing saying he himself would refund the price of their first can of Minute Maid. Crosby sang and talked about the juice so much on radio that most people assumed he owned the company. Although this wasn't true, Crosby did receive 20,000 shares of the company at the start of his contract. And in January of 1950, when a new Minute Maid division office was set up in Los Angeles, Bing Crosby was named president.

Other ads stressed the amazingly good taste of frozen orange juice ("What! Orange groves on Long Island? You'll think so when you taste Minute Maid..."), its convenience ("Never Again Have to Squeeze Another Orange") and its nutritional superiority to fresh. The latter claim was based wholly on the fact that Minute Maid offered "one-fourth more juice for the same money than oranges squeezed at home" and therefore "one-fourth more healthful juice" and "one-fourth more body-building minerals."

By the time 30 other frozen orange juice brands were crowding the market in 1949, Minute Maid was number one. To help maintain that lead, Minute Maid redesigned its label. From featuring a white band on a field of oranges, the can became predominantly black with the trademark orange drop. In 1964, it was heresy to put black on a food product, but it stood out in the all-white frozen food cabinets and signified quality and class (an association new owner Coca-Cola wanted to maintain to justify Minute Maid's slightly higher price).

The quality theme resounded in Minute Maid's 1968 advertising slogan, "The Best There Is." Figuring that Bing Crosby was about the best there was when it had come to company advertising, Minute Maid officials asked him to return as product spokesman. Crosby was reluctant to appear on camera but agreed to be the voice-over announcer if his children could star and thus gain some television exposure.

For four years Kathryn Crosby and the kids were shown making and drinking Minute Maid in their home. In one ad in the fourth year, viewers got a glimpse of Bing driving by in his golf cart. The acting bug reawakened, Bing starred in the ads alone from then until his death in 1977. In 1978, TV viewers got closure when Kathryn and her now grown-up kids did a commercial postmortem standing next to a portrait of Crosby.



The best there is

Bing Crosby

22ND ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

VARIETY

PRICE 25 CENTS

Published Weekly at 154 West 46th St., New York, N. Y., by Variety, Inc. Annual subscription, $10. Single copies, 25 cents.
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VOL. LXXXIX NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1928 NO. 12

PERSONAL DIRECTION
JAMES F. GILLESPIE

TOUR DIRECTION
WILLIAM MORRIS

1928 JANUARY 20 SALARIES - PAYROLL 3

PAUL WHITEMAN ORCHESTRA

WEEK ENDING JAN. 1-JAN. 20-28

MOSQUE THEATRE - NEWARK, N.J.

MAYER, RED	sax	"	175	Red Mayer	
BARRIS, HARRY	piano	"	150	Harry Barris	
BIEDERBECKE, BIX	trumpet	"	200	Bix Beiderbecke	
BOUMAN, J.	violin	"	150	J. Bouman	
BROWN, S.	bass	"	175	S. Brown	
150 200 BURSE, HENRY	trumpet	"	350	Henry Burse	
CROSBY, BING	vocal	"	150	Bing Crosby	
CULLEN, B.	trombone	"	150	B. Cullen	
DIETERLE, K.	violin	"	175	K. Dieterle	
DORSEY, JIMMY	sax	"	200	J. Dorsey	
FULTON, J.	trombone	"	200	J. Fulton Jr.	
GAYLORD, C.	violin	"	200	C. Gaylord	
HALL, WILBUR	trombone	"	350	Wilbur Hall	
HAZLETT, C.	sax	"	350	C. Hazlett	
CROZIER, R.	sax	"	175	R. Crozier	
McDONALD, K.	drums	"	175	Ken McDonald	
McLEAN, HAL	sax	"	200	Hal McLean	
MALNECK, MATTY	violin	"	150	M. Malneck	
MAYHEW BROS.	sax	"	350	N. Mayhew	
PERRELLA, H.	piano	"	300	H. Perrella	
PERRY, MARIO	accordian	"	180	M. Perry	
PINGITORE, MIKE	banjo	"	300	M. Pingitore	
RINKER, AL	piano	"	150	A. Rinker	
RUSSELL, M.	violin	"	150	Mischa Russell	
SATTERFIELD, TOM	piano	"	150	Tom Satterfield	
STRIGHFADEN, C.	sax	"	200	C. Strighfadden	
TRAFFICANTE, MIKE	bass-tuba	"	175	Mike Trafficante	
YOUNG, A.	banjo-vocal	"	200	A. Young	
MARGULIS, C.	trumpet	"	175	Charles Margulis	
GILLESPIE J.F.	manager	"	350	[illegible]	
GROFE, FERDE	arranger	"	375	Ferde Grofe	
CHALLIS B.	arranger	"	175	B. Challis	
LORENZEN, M.	stage	"	110		
BLACK, W.	Wm Black		50	valet	
TRAMBAUER FRANK	sax	"	200	F. Trambauer	
RANK, W	trombone	"	200	7440 [illegible]	

Paul Whiteman orchestra weekly payroll ledger sheet from January 20, 1928.

JOHN DAVIDSON

KATHRYN CROSBY

ANDREA MCARDLE

DONNA MCKECHNIE

SCOTT WISE

BEN WRIGHT

THE THEATRE GUILD
presents

JOHN DAVIDSON **KATHRYN CROSBY**

ANDREA MC ARDLE **DONNA MC KECHNIE**

in

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S

also starring **SCOTT WISE** and **BEN WRIGHT**

The New All-American Musical

STATE FAIR

Music by **RICHARD RODGERS** Lyrics by **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II**

Book by TOM BRIGGS & LOUIS MATTIOLI

Based on the screenplay by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II and the novel by PHIL STONG

Co-Directed by

JAMES HAMMERSTEIN & RANDY SKINNER

Choreography by RANDY SKINNER

October 3 –29 • Golden Gate Theatre

1 Taylor at Golden Gate and Market Streets, San Francisco

(COURTESY OF PRISCILLA KOERNIG)

Mother's Day Marks 50 Years Since Priest's First Rosary Broadcast

HOLLYWOOD (CNS) — Somewhere between World War II's European theater and its Pacific theater lie the origins of Holy Cross Father Patrick Peyton's Family Theater.

It all started in May 1945, when Father Peyton, then ordained only four years, convinced the Mutual Broadcasting Co. to give him free time for a radio rosary for family unity and world peace. It was to air Mother's Day, May 13, 1945.

Between the time the arrangements were made and the rosary was to air, Germany surrendered. President Truman declared May 8 as V-E Day and May 13 as a national day of thanksgiving.

What was originally considered a public service religious program at a low-rated time slot — 10:30 a.m. Sunday morning — soon became a program of major national importance.

Father Peyton asked Thomas Sullivan, his wife and their daughter, Genevieve, of Waterloo, Iowa, to lead the on-air rosary. The Sullivans had gained the nation's sympathy when they lost their five sons in a World War II naval battle in the Pacific.

One Mutual employee jokingly told Father Peyton, "So you have the Sullivans. It's a wonder you don't get Bing."

The flip comment sparked an idea in the priest. He picked up his phone in Albany, N.Y., and told the operator he wanted to speak to Bing Crosby in Hollywood.

In less than an hour, during a break in filming "The Bells of St. Mary," Crosby returned the call of the priest he had never met and who had no show biz experience himself.

"I want you to do a favor for the Blessed Virgin Mary," Father Peyton said, telling Crosby his presence on the show would entice 10,000 families into praying the rosary for family unity, a total end of the war and thanksgiving for the war's end in Europe.

"You have me," Crosby said.

Crosby wasn't the only one Father Peyton lined up in a hurry. Cardinal Francis Spellman of New York gave a talk, Truman offered a recorded message and the Blessed Sacrament Parish choir in New York sang.

More than 300 Mutual affiliates picked up the network feed. Several critics who reviewed the program called it the best of the programs celebrating victory in Europe.

It led to one of the longest running weekly dramatic series on radio, "Family Theater of the Air," which ran on Mutual 1947-69. Family Theater Productions was formed in Hollywood in 1947.

The radio dramas featured such stars as Crosby, Bob Hope, Loretta Young, Jimmy Stewart, Lucille Ball, Jack Benny, Shirley Temple, Pat O'Brien, Ronald Reagan, Rosalind Russell, Gregory Peck, Jimmy Durante, Don Ameche and Natalie Wood.

Father Peyton also produced about 55 films and TV shows. Stars who appeared in them included Crosby, Miss Young, Frank Sinatra, Raymond Burr, William Shatner, Bob Newhart, James Dean in his film debut, and Grace Kelly — later to become Princess Grace of Monaco — in what became her last three films.

The priest led more than 27 million people in prayer in rosary rallies in 40 counties on six continents, drawing 2 million people each in Sao Paulo, Brazil, and Manila, Philippines.

His billboard campaign, "The Family That Prays Together Stays Together," has appeared on more than 50,000 billboards in 134 cities in 37 states and have been seen an estimated 1.4 billion times.

In 1991, Father Peyton started a "Rosaries for Russia" campaign with a goal to collect 1 million rosaries for people in the former Soviet bloc countries. Though he died in 1992 at age 83, the campaign has continued; more than 2 million rosaries had been distributed by early 1995.

Joining Forces--Bing Crosby joins Holy Cross Father Patrick Peyton for a Christmas rosary program in 1949. Four years earlier the two started what became the longest running weekly dramatic series on radio, "Family Theater of the Air." (CNS file photo)

Reprinted from THE PILOT, May 12, 1995. Courtesy of Caroline Dawson.

Once a Rococo Palace; Now a Citadel of Learning

By CHRISTOPHER GRAY

A modern axiom is that the movie palace of the 1920's has vanished. But many survive—as performance halls, as churches, as multiplexes and, at the Long Island University campus in downtown Brooklyn, as a basketball court.

Now, after three decades of ad-hoc alterations to the 4,124-seat Brooklyn Paramount, the university is beginning a $5 million program designed to finally change a palace for fantasy into one for learning.

It was in the 20's that the movies finally overwhelmed the older, traditional uses of the theater building, as the growing film conglomerates developed into business of national scope. Earlier theaters had often aimed towards an individual elegance, often reflecting the personality of a particular producer or star, but the 20's movie palace was a corporate affair designed with no less calculation than a Disney project.

Although the interior formula was almost always rococo or Renaissance, the basis of the movie palace was very modern economic engineering, selling the maximum number of tickets to the maximum number of people, and processing them with peak efficiency. Cost per seat, location analysis and orchestra overtime were of far greater concern to architects than the gilt and velvet that the patrons saw.

Paramount Pictures was one of the new conglomerates, formed in 1916 by the rivals Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor who, by the 20's, controlled an empire of motion picture production, distribution and exhibition.

Unlike Loews, its chief rival, Paramount favored building combination theater and office buildings, like the 1926 Paramount Building it built in Times Square.

In 1928 Paramount built a new theater/office building at the corner of DeKalb Avenue and the Flatbush Avenue Extension, designed by the Chicago theater architects Rapp & Rapp. This was Brooklyn's theater district; A.D. Buttler, a theater photographer and archivist, estimates that, with the new Paramount, there were 25,000 seats within a few blocks.

The exterior of the building is not much, a factory-style facade of buff brick, where the huge signs and marquees once constituted the only real decoration.

The interior followed most of the conventions of movie palace design: a giant, rectangular "grand foyer" 147 feet long and 42 feet high, leading to the auditorium and also to the many lounge and ancillary spaces that served the huge crowds.

There is mild variation in the styles of the still existing lounge areas—ranging from Renaissance to Art Deco—but the auditorium is in a rococo both more ostentatious and effective than usual.

The theater opened Thanksgiving week in 1928, with "Manhattan Cocktail" starring Richard Arlen. At the same time the Brooklyn & Manhattan Rapid Transit Company—which built the subway line known as the BMT—was moving into 8 floors of the adjacent 11-story office building.

Perhaps it was bad timing to build just before the Depression, or bad strategy to throw another few thousand seats into a sea of velvet, but in the 1930's the theater closed on at least one occasion, and in 1936 the New York Times reported that the Brooklyn Paramount had lost $1.5 million since its opening.

But it continued operating, later offering stage shows with Little Richard and other rock 'n' roll acts. Long Island University bought the building in 1950 and took over the office space for classes and administration. But the Paramount remained open, and in 1959 announced a modernization plan that included "streamlining" the theater.

This did not go through, and in 1963 Long Island University took over the auditorium for a gym.

In two stages, the projecting balcony and box seats have been cut back, and now the basketball team plays in what is one of the few, if not the only, gilt, rococo-style college athletic facilities in the country.

At the same time the steep, upper balcony was walled in and converted to lecture halls, and the college sprinkled what other uses it could throughout the building. But the wide, long corridors and the huge stairways meant to accommodate a single rush of 4,000 moviegoers represents a considerable loss of usable space.

This summer the university, working from plans by Mitchell/Giurgola Architects, begins a more methodical reworking of the spaces. One of the wide banks of stairs has already been cut out to accommodate a third floor walkway, part of a network the university hopes will unify its broken, urban site.

The surviving lounges downstairs will be spiffed up and the wide hallways ringing the back of the balcony will be converted to student clubrooms. The ticket and entry area at the corner will be converted to a cafeteria. And the Grand Foyer will become a combination eating-studying area, with quiet-study areas along the sides.

In a later phase, the university will have its name in lights, much plainer this time, with a single sign running eight floors to the top of the 11-story building.

From the *New York Times*, July 31, 1994. The type has been reset without editorial changes. Pictures have not been reproduced. Submitted by Bill Hunt.

New Releases

With Contributions by Charles Baillie ★ Jim Reilly (I.C.C.) Pat Sullivan ★ Greg Van Beek ★ Frank Whittaker

Compact Discs

Several of our readers have asked us to indicate where the CDs we review can be purchased. Since our CD listings come from various sources (from as far away as Canada and the United Kingdom), it is not possible to do this on any regular basis. Your editor does not buy many CDs, as he is content with the good old black vinyl issues.

We would continue to recommend the following domestic sources for foreign CDs:

Mr. Nostalgia, P. O. Box 26414, Tamarac, FL 33320 (phone 954-726-5420; fax 954-722-0743).

Footlight Records, 113 East 12th St., New York, NY 10003 (phone 212-533-1572). *Note:* Bill Daugherty no longer works there. See "Readers Write" section.

Michael Mascioli, 530 14th St. #9, San Francisco, CA 94103 (phone 415-864-8222; fax 415-864-7222). *Note:* This is a new listing. Mr. Mascioli has been helpful to some of our members.

If any of you know of other reliable sources, please let us know and we will print their names and addresses.

■ **THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT. Music Deluxe Special MSCD-12 (UK).** CONTENTS: Where The Blue Of The Night • Sweet And Lovely • Dinah • Shine • Sweet Georgia Brown • Cabin In the Cotton • Some Of These Days • You're Beautiful Tonight, My Dear • You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me • You've Got Me Crying Again • Temptation • May I? • June In January • With Every Breath I Take • I'm An Old Cowhand • Mr. Gallagher And Mr. Shean • You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby.

■ **BING CROSBY WITH PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Chansons Cinema CIN-009 (France). (Available from Mr. Nostalgia, $17.98 plus $2.50 postage—total order).** CONTENTS: C-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n-o-p-l-e • Get Out And Get Under The Moon • 'Taint So, Honey, 'Tain't So • I'd Rather Cry Over You • I'm On The Crest Of A Wave • That's My Weakness Now • Because My Baby Don't Mean "Maybe" Now • Out-O'-Town Gal • I'm Bringing A Red, Red Rose (non-Bing) • Coquette • Reaching For Someone • S'posin' • At Twilight • When You're Counting The Stars Alone • I'm A Dreamer, Aren't We All? • A Bundle Of Old Love Letters.

■ **BING CROSBY IN HOLLYWOOD, 1930-33. Chansons Cinema CIN-010 (France). (Available from Mr. Nostalgia, $17.98 plus $2.50 postage—total order).** CONTENTS: Happy Feet • A Bench In The Park (w/Brox Sis.) • A Bench In the Park (Rhythm Boys) • It Happened In Monterey (non-Bing) • I Like To Do Things For You • Ragamuffin Romeo (non-Bing) • So The Bluebirds And The Blackbirds Got Together • Song Of The Dawn • Dinah • Please • Here Lies Love • Learn To Croon • Moonstruck • Down The Old Ox Road • Thanks • The Day You Came Along • I Guess It Had To Be That Way • Black Moonlight.

■ **BING CROSBY IN HOLLYWOOD, 1933-34. Chansons Cinema CIN-011 (France). (Available from Mr. Nostalgia, $17.98 plus $2.50 postage—total order).** CONTENTS: Just An Echo In The Valley • Beautiful Girl • After Sundown • We'll Make Hay While The Sun Shines • Temptation • Our Big Love Scene • Love Thy Neighbor • Once In A Blue Moon • Goodnight, Lovely Little Lady • May I? • She Reminds Me Of You • I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm Singin' • Love In Bloom • Straight From The Shoulder.

■ **THAT'S JAZZ. Pearl 9739. (Available from Mr. Nostalgia, $17.98 plus $2.50 postage—total order).** CONTENTS: St. Louis Blues • Please • Temptation • Did You Ever See A Dream Walking? • Ghost Of A Chance • Down The Old Ox Road • Black Moonlight • Where The Blue Of The Night • The Last Roundup • Someday Sweetheart • How Deep Is The Ocean • Our Big Love Scene • Song Of The Islands • Dinah • I'm An Old Cowhand • Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams • Blue Hawaii • Sailor Beware • Sweet Leilani • Pennies From Heaven • Happy Go Lucky You And Broken-Hearted Me • Thanks.

■ **EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS. Prime Cuts SLD-13642 (Canada).** Note record number. Contents listed in July 1995 issue.

■ **THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES. MCAD-31270 (Australia).** CONTENTS: Swinging On A Star • Where The Blue Of The Night • Stardust • I Got Plenty O' Nuttin' • I'm An Old Cowhand • I've Got A Pocketful Of Dreams • You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby • Sierra Sue • New San Antonio Rose • Easter Parade • I'll Be Seeing You • Moonlight Becomes You • San Fernando Valley • Don't Fence Me In • Road To Morocco • Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral • MacNamara's Band • Galway Bay • Dear Hearts And Gentle People • Play A Simple Melody • Harbor Lights • Autumn Leaves •

Getting To Know You • Around The World • Thanks For The Memory.

■ **BING CROSBY: THE ESSENTIAL COLLECTION. Wisepack LECDD-612 (?).** CONTENTS, DISC 1: You Gotta Start Off Each Day With A Song (w/J. Durante) • Inka Dinka Doo (w/Durante) • When You Wore A Tulip (w/J. Garland) • Just The Way You Are (w/Garland) • Basin Street Blues (w/E.Fitzgerald) • Marshmallow World (w/Fitzgerald) • Blueberry Hill (w/L. Armstrong) • Lazy Bones (w/Armstrong) • I Got Rhythm (w/P. Lee) • You Came A Long Way From St. Louis (w/Lee) • Don't Fence Me In (w/Andrews Sis.) • The Three Caballeros (w/Andrews) • Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean (w/J. Mercer) • Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie (w/M. Martin) • A Fine Romance (w/D. L. Crosby) • A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody (w/A. Jolson) • My Old Kentucky Home (w/Jolson) • Connecticut (w/Garland) • They Say It's Wonderful (w/R. Clooney) • Let's Call The Whole Thing Off (w/Clooney) • I'll Capture Your Heart (w/F. Astaire) • The Road To Morocco (w/B. Hope). DISC 2: Maybe You'll Be There (w/Lee) • On A Slow Boat To China (w/Lee) • In The Evening By The Moonlight (w/Jolson) • Sam's Song (w/Garland) • Yah-Ta-Ta, Yah-Ta-Ta (w/Garland) • Blue Skies (w/Durante) • Stay With The Happy People (w/Fitzgerald) • A Dreamer's Holiday (w/Fitzgerald) • Shine/Dinah (w/Mills Bros.) • Tea For Two (w/C. Boswell) • They Can't Take That Away From Me (w/Clooney) • It Takes Two To Tango (w/Clooney) • Small Fry (w/Mercer) • Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby (w/Andrews) • If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake (w/Hope) • Lily Of Laguna (w/Martin) • I'm Falling In Love With Someone (w/F. Langford) • Till We Meet Again (w/P. Page) • Have I Told You Lately That I Love You? (w/Hope) • People Will Say We're In Love (w/T. Erwin) • You're Just In Love (w/Garland).

■ **THE VERY BEST OF BING CROSBY. Reader's Digest RDCD-921-923 (UK).** CONTENTS RDCD-921: Where The Blue Of The Night • Just One More Chance • June In January • It's Easy To Remember • Red Sails In The Sunset • I'm An Old Cowhand • Pennies From Heaven • Blue Hawaii • Sweet Leilani • Too Marvelous For Words • I've Got A Pocketful Of Dreams • Mexicali Rose • Sierra Sue • New San Antonio Rose • Only Forever • Please • An Apple For The Teacher • Dolores • Be Careful, It's My Heart • Moonlight Becomes You • Road To Morocco. RDCD-922: Sunday, Monday Or Always • People Will Say We're In Love • San Fernando Valley • Pistol Packin' Mama • I Love You • Poinciana • I'll Be Seeing You • Swinging On A Star • Going My Way • Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral • It's Been A Long, Long Time • Don't Fence Me In • I Can't Begin To Tell You • The Bells of St. Mary's • MacNamara's Band • Put It There, Pal • Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive • You Keep Coming Back Like A Song • Blue Skies • A Couple Of Song And Dance Men • Alexander's Ragtime Band • South America, Take It Away • Easter Parade • White Christmas. RCCD-923: Dear Hearts And Gentle People • Anything You Can Do • The Spaniard That Blighted My Life • There's No Business Like Show Business • You Don't Have To Know The Language • The Whiffenpoof Song • But Beautiful • Galway Bay • Far Away Places • Now Is The Hour • Some Enchanted Evening • Harbor Lights • Autumn Leaves • Sam's Song • Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy • Play A Simple Melody • In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening • Hoots Mon • Zing A Little Zong • In A Little Spanish Town • Count Your Blessings Instead Of Sheep • Around The World • Thanks For The Memory • Gone Fishin'.

■ **SWINGING ON A STAR. Pavilion Records PAST CD-7065 (UK). (Available from Mr. Nostalgia, $17.98 plus $2.50 postage—total order)** CONTENTS: Swinging On A Star • Day Dreaming • Maybe • Don't Fence Me In (w/Andrews Sis.) • Sunday, Monday Or Always • Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive • My Buddy • Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby? • Darling Je Vous Aime Beaucoup • Lullaby • Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral • San Fernando Valley • Mine (w/J. Garland) • I Ain't Got Nobody • Begin The Beguine • When My Dreamboat Comes Home • I'd Know You Anywhere • Put It There, Pal • Somebody Loves Me • There's A Fellow Waiting In Poughkeepsie • Pistol Packin' Mama (w/Andrews) • I'll Be Seeing You.

■ **TEMPTATION. Castle PCD 10116 (Australia).** CONTENTS: Temptation • On The Sentimental Side • Maybe • How Deep Is The Ocean? • Pennies From Heaven • Too Marvelous For Words • Sweet Leilani • If You Should Ever Need Me • Where The Blue Of The Night • Someday Sweetheart • Out Of Nowhere • Sweet And Lovely • Please • Sweet Potato Piper • Stardust • Don't Be That Way • In My Merry Oldsmobile • I Have Eyes • Sweet Georgia Brown • Goodnight, Sweetheart.

■ **THOSE GREAT WORLD WAR II SONGS. Gold Intermusic SA DBG-534042 (Portugal).** Same contents as listed in July 1995 issue as **Double Gold DBG-53042.**

■ **I'M AN OLD COWHAND. ASV Living ERA C AJA 5160 (Cassette ZCAJA5147) (Available from Mr. Nostalgia, $15.98, plus $2.50 postage—total order).** CONTENTS: Don't Fence Me In (w/Andrews Sis.) • I'm An Old Cowhand • Silver On The Sage • Tumbling Tumbleweeds • El Rancho Grande • Along The Santa Fe Trail • San Antonio Rose • Who Calls? • Ridin' Down The Canyon • Empty Saddles • The Old Oaken Bucket • Twilight On the Trail • The Last Roundup • Home On the Range (1933) • Take Me Back To My Boots and Saddle • When The Bloom Is On The Sage • After Sundown • The Singing Hills • Clementine • Deep In The Heart Of Texas • Pistol Packin' Mama (w/Andrews) • San Fernando Valley • Roundup Lullaby • We'll Rest At The End Of The Trail • Goodbye, Little Darlin', Goodbye.

CDs continued on next page →

■ **THE BING CROSBY YEARS. MCA MVCM-18014-17.** CONTENTS DISC 1: Where The Blue Of The Night • Out Of Nowhere • Just One More Chance • Stardust • The Moon Was Yellow • Soon • Me And The Moon • Too Marvelous For Words • Remember Me • Bob White • Alexander's Ragtime Band • You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby • My Reverie • I Cried For You • Deep Purple • What's New • And The Angels Sing • Yodelin' Jive • Sierra Sue • You Made Me Love You • Dolores • I Don't Want To Walk Without You • Skylark • People Will Say We're In Love • Poinciana. DISC 2: I Love You • Long Ago And Far Away • It Could Happen To You • There'll Be A Hot Time In The Town of Berlin • Like Someone In Love • On The Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe • I Can't Begin To Tell You • Give Me The Simple Life • The Bells of St. Mary's • Route 66 • Day By Day • Night And Day • How Soon • You Don't Have To Know The Language • Ballerina • Careless Hands • Some Enchanted Evening • Way Back Home • When You And I Were Young Maggie Blues • Moonlight Bay • Shanghai • Watermelon Weather • Keep It A Secret • Young At Heart • Around The World. DISC 3: Love Is Just Around The Corner • June In January • It's Easy To Remember • Without A Word of Warning • I Wished On The Moon • Sailor Beware • I'm An Old Cowhand • Pennies From Heaven • Sweet Leilani • The Moon Got In My Eyes • It's The Natural Thing To Do • On The Sentimental Side • I've Got A Pocketful Of Dreams • The Funny Old Hills • East Side Of Heaven • An Apple For The Teacher • Too Romantic • If I Had My Way • Only Forever • It's Always You • My Melancholy Baby • White Christmas • I'll Capture Your Heart • Constantly • If You Please. DISC 4: Swinging On A Star • Going My Way • Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive • Aren't You Glad You're You • Welcome To My Dream • Out Of This World • You Keep Coming Back Like A Song • As Long As I'm Dreaming • Tallahassee • But Beautiful • I Kiss Your Hand, Madame • Friendly Mountains • Once And For Always • The Donovans • Katrina • The Horse Told Me • Life Is So Peculiar • In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening • Zing A Little Zong • Hoots Mon • To See You • The Magic Window • Count Your Blessings • Dissertation On The State Of Bliss • All Through The Night.

■ **CHRONOLOGICAL BING CROSBY, VOL. 14.** "Wig" Wiggins has informed us that Volume 14 of John McNicholas' "Chronological Bing Crosby" series (the first volume to be issued on CD) will finally be issued early in 1996. He will be receiving a shipment from England for ICC members. Write to him to reserve a copy. The address: F. B. Wiggins, 5608 North 34th St., Arlington, VA 22207, phone (703) 241-5608.

■ **BING CROSBY AT HIS BEST—BLUE SKIES. Truetrax TRTCD-151 (UK).** CONTENTS: Waiting For The Evening Mail • I Wish You Love • Chances Are • Where Or When • What Is There To Say? • Sunday • They Didn't Believe Me • This Can't Be Love • I Can't Get Started • I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan • Try A Little Tenderness • What Is This Thing Called Love • Mandy • My Ideal • Don't Take Your Love From Me • The Tender Trap • Love Is Just Around The Corner • Crazy Rhythm • I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face • Come Rain Or Come Shine • She's Funny That Way • We're In The Money • Little Man, You've Had A Busy Day • At Sundown.

■ **BING CROSBY AND BING CROSBY: PEACE ON EARTH/LITTLE DRUMMER BOY. Oglio Records, $7.98 (Call 310-798-2252).**

Pat Sullivan sent us a review of this computer software. For either Windows or Mac systems, the enhanced CD features the CD audio and full-length video.

■ **BANU GIBSON AND THE NEW ORLEANS HOT JAZZ: 'ZAT YOU, SANTA CLAUS? Includes I'd Like To Hitch A Ride With Santa Claus. Available from New Orleans Hot Jazz, P. O. Box 15851, New Orleans, LA 70175, CD $15; Tape $10, plus $3.00 postage and handling for either.**

Greg Van Beek called this CD to our attention. The arrangement of "I'd Like To Hitch A Ride With Santa Claus" was based on tapes Greg sent to the group. You will recall that Bing and Lindsay recorded this song for the 1950 "Crosby Christmas" record.

Greg says that the group has a most enjoyable sound, and anyone who enjoyed the Dixieland records Bing made with the likes of Bob Scobey and Eddie Condon is sure to enjoy this disc.

Books

"Wig" Wiggins advises that Fred Reynolds' *The Crosby Collection, Part 4, 1951-1960,* is now available for distribution. The price is $30.00, postpaid, from Wig. The address is F. B. Wiggins, 5608 North 34th Street, Arlington, VA 22207. Telephone: (703) 241-5608.

Those of us who have purchased the other volumes in this series know what a truly useful set this is. Your editor consults it frequently and considers it to be the "last word" as far as details of Bing Crosby's commercial recordings are concerned. Our only regret is that no information on the published recordings is included. It would have been very useful to have at least the original American and British record numbers. For that we must go elsewhere. But that is a minor "carp." We are looking forward to the completion of this set when Part 5, covering the recordings from 1961 to Bing's death is issued.

Tim Morgereth of Baltimore is offering copies of his fine hardcover book *Bing Crosby: A Discography, Radio Program List And Filmography* at $30.00 per copy, plus $3.00 postage. The publisher's price is now $55 per copy. Tim will be contributing his proceeds from these sales to a children's charity. Once again, this information is from F. B. Wiggins, who will accept orders for the book.

Videos

Some of the best video news we've had in years is the group of Bing Crosby shorts released by Festival Films, 6115 Chestnut Terrace, Shorewood, MN 55331.

The films are all from the collection of Bob DeFlores, a film consultant and archivist, and are from the original 35mm prints.

The first release is entitled "On The Road With Bing and Bob." Selections are as follows: "The Road To Morocco" trailer (1942), "The Road To Home" (1945), "Command Performance" (1943), "The Fifth Freedom" (1951), "You Can Change The World" (1954) and "The Road To Peace" (1949). All are of great interest, but the most entertaining is "The Road To Home." Made for the U. S. Navy, this film has a serious message, but the banter between Bing and Bob and scenes from the Road pictures liven it up. "You Can Change The World," directed by Leo McCarey, is a bit slow until Bing appears on the scene and sings "Early American." Great job!

The cost of the video tape is $24.95, which includes free surface shipping.

The second release, "Bing At Sennett," contains three of the Sennett shorts previously available elsewhere, "Blue Of The Night" (1933), "Billboard Girl" (1932) and "Dream House" (1932). The prints here are much better than those in earlier collections. All of the Sennett films were hastily made, and some are better than others, but anything with Bing is worth having!

Bob DeFlores visits Bing Crosby in 1977.

The cost of "Bing At Sennett" is $24.95 and is postpaid in the U.S.A. Highly recommended!

The third Festival Films release is a Bing Crosby "Surprise Package" It arrived at your editor's home shortly before Christmas, and it was literally a big surprise, as we had not heard anything about its production. First is an excerpt from the Perry Como Kraft Music Hall TV show of March 17, 1960. There is a lengthy medley of songs by Bing and Perry. Next is "Wayne and Shuster Take An Affectionate Look At Bing Crosby and Bob Hope." Produced in Canada in 1966, it looks at the careers of Bing and Bob separately and then together. There is rare newsreel coverage, great film clips and songs from their movies. Then there is a "Person To Person" interview with Bing by Edward R. Morrow from 1954. We have been asked not to divulge the 1933 short that completes this tape. It does not have Bing in it, but you will immediately recognize the star's name and his place in Bing's career.

This tape is $30, postpaid, more than the others because of its length. You'll want this one, too!

We understand that plans are in the works for another Sennett collection later this year. We'll be looking forward to it.

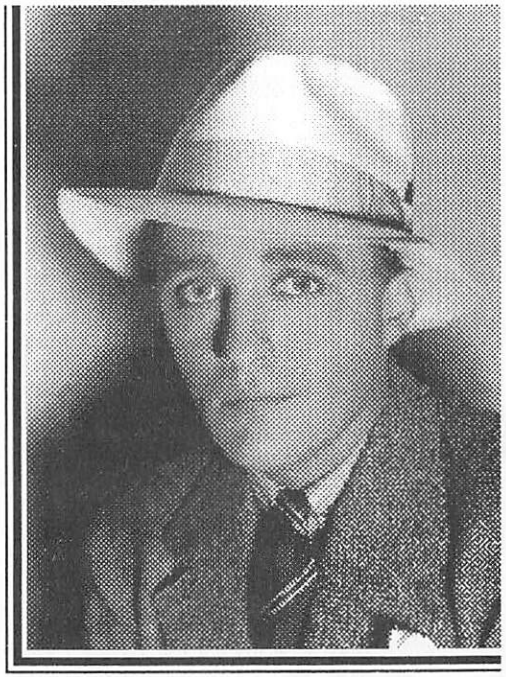
And now a few words about Bob DeFlores. He has had a life-long interest in early jazz and big band films. One of his favorite singers has always been Bing Crosby, so Bob collected as many Crosby films as he could, including the only known prints of "Please" (1933) and "The Fifth Freedom" (1951).

Years of collecting obscure Bing Crosby films were rewarded in 1976 when Bob donated "Swing With Bing" for showing at the Bing Crosby Golf Tournament in Pebble Beach. Bing had lost his copy in a fire and had not seen the 1937 film in many years. When he spotted his father and brother in the film Bing was deeply moved.

And so a friendship developed between the two which enabled Bob DeFlores to visit Bing's home, show and copy several films for Crosby, and to copy some of the rare films from Bing's personal film vault. We are the richer for this, as Bing died later that year, and who knows what happened to Bing's film vault?

You may call or fax Ron Hall, Festival Films, at (612) 470-2172.

Bing At Sennett



Superb quality VHS tapes of three of Bing Crosby's 1931 shorts made for Mack Sennett. Transferred from 35mm films from the Bob DeFlores collection. Recorded at standard play speed.

$24.95

(Postpaid in USA.)

BLUE OF THE NIGHT

(Released Jan. 6, 1933)

BILLBOARD GIRL

(Released March 20, 1932)

DREAM HOUSE

(Released Jan. 17, 1932)

Festival Films

6115 Chestnut Terrace
Shorewood, MN 55331
phone or fax: 800-798-6083 or 612-470-2172

On The Road With Bing and Bob

About this exclusive Festival Films/Bob DeFlores video, Leonard Maltin says: "As a lifelong Bing Crosby fan, I figured I'd seen most of the crooner's movie work. I was wrong... It's wild. The 'soft sell' tobacco short is a howl, and the Christophers short is fascinating. Wonderful stuff, all of it, and incredibly rare... one eye-opening rarity after another."
88 min. / VHS Video / $24.95

Bing Crosby on Video

These are the commercial tapes from MCA, MGM and Paramount. If you can't find them in stores, you may order by mail from Festival Films!

BELLS OF ST MARY'S	(1945)	$14.98
BIRTH OF THE BLUES	(1941)	$14.98
BLUE SKIES	(1946)	$19.98
CONNECTICUT YANKEE	(1949)	$14.98
THE COUNTRY GIRL	(1954)	$14.98
EMPEROR WALTZ	(1948)	$14.98
GOING HOLLYWOOD	(1933)	$19.98
GOING MY WAY	(1944)	$14.98
HERE COMES THE GROOM	(1951)	$14.98
HERE COME THE WAVES	(1944)	$14.98
HIGH SOCIETY	(1956)	$14.98
HOLIDAY INN	(1942)	$14.98
JUST FOR YOU	(1952)	$14.98
KING OF JAZZ	(1930)	$14.98
MR. MUSIC	(1950)	$14.98
RIDING HIGH	(1950)	$19.98
ROAD TO BALI	(1952)	$14.98
ROAD TO HONG KONG	(1962)	$14.98
ROAD TO MOROCCO	(1942)	$14.98
ROAD TO SINGAPORE	(1940)	$14.98
ROAD TO UTOPIA	(1945)	$14.98
ROAD TO ZANZIBAR	(1941)	$14.98
ROBIN & SEVEN HOODS	(1964)	$14.98
RHYTHM ON THE RANGE	(1936)	$14.98
RHYTHM ON THE RIVER	(1940)	$14.98
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM	(1942)	$14.98
WAIKIKI WEDDING	(1937)	$14.98
WELCOME STRANGER	(1947)	$14.98
WE'RE NOT DRESSING	(1934)	$14.98
WHITE CHRISTMAS	(1954)	$14.98

Documentaries about Bing:

BIOGRAPHY (A&E) -- BING CROSBY	$19.95
BING: HIS LEGENDARY YEARS	$24.98
MAGIC OF BING CROSBY	$19.98

DISCOVERED! The Earliest Known Video of Bing Crosby From May 1928!

A friend recently lent me this video tape when I expressed an interest in seeing the clip of the Paul Whiteman Orchestra from 1928. It is the only sound film known to exist of Bix Beiderbecke. However, where there's smoke there's fire and indeed, this Fox Movietone footage (mentioned on page 245 of the book "Bix-Man and Legend") clearly shows a tanned Bing Crosby standing behind a piano, waving a late Harry Barris in during the band's tune-up. The footage was shot to cover the story of Whiteman's switch from Victor to Columbia Records on May 1, 1928. Probably filmed in mid-May 1928, this easily pre-dates Bob DeFlores' candid footage of the Whiteman Orchestra on the Universal lot prior to the filming of "The King of Jazz" (probably from June or July 1929) by over a year. Regrettably, though vocalists are present, the band plays a strictly instrumental version of "My Ohio Home." But I think you'll agree that it's still amazing to see a just-turned-twenty-five Bing in action. M.S.

AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL

At the Jazz Band Ball brings together some of the greatest hot music, song and dance captured at the height of the jazz age and in the early days of sound film (1925-1933). Included are some of the giants of the period in their very best early performances: Duke Ellington's Cotton Club Orchestra in clips featuring solos and a floor show, an exuberant, youthful Louis Armstrong, Harlem's "Bo Jangles" Robinson doing his famous step dance, Bessie Smith's only screen performance, a rare clip of the Boswell Sisters harmonizing on a Louis Armstrong classic, and an instrumental from the Dorsey Brothers band with superb solos from Tommy and Jimmy. From L.A.-based Fowler Studios comes film of radio star Charlie Wellman, Tessie Maize (a featured artist at Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club), and black-faced performer Ruby Darby. Among the many other clips included is an early (1925) De Forest sound film of Ben Bernie's Orchestra in which under-appreciated reedman Jack Pettis contributes what is probably the first jazz solo on film.

And from the newsreels for the week of May 18, 1928, the title card read: *JAZZ KING TEARS UP OLD CONTRACT. On stroke of twelve Paul Whiteman starts his first recording for Columbia Phonograph Co.* ...as Paul Whiteman's Orchestra moved from Victor to Columbia Records. Long considered lost, this newsreel story contains the only appearance of jazz legend Bix Beiderbecke in a sound film as Bix stands up and plays through an ensemble brass passage.

Front Cover Photos: (t,l) BESSIE SMITH; (t,r) LOUIS ARMSTRONG; (b,l) DUKE ELLINGTON; (b,r) BIX BEIDERBECKE
Back Cover Photos: (t) BOSWELL SISTERS; (b) DORSEY BROS. BAND
Produced by: Sherwin Dunner and Richard Nevins / Edited by: Dana Heinz
On-line Editor: Stefan Bruck / Art Direction: Joanne Marino
Running time: Approx 60 min.
Duplicated in SP Mode/Real Time Duplication

© YAZOO VIDEO - A DIVISION OF SHANACHIE ENTERTAINMENT CORP.

Yazoo 514

1. DORSEY BROTHERS BAND (1929) Get Out and Get Under the Moon
2. DUKE ELLINGTON and his Orchestra (1930) Old Man Blues
3. BOSWELL SISTERS (1931) Heebie Jeebies
4. Dance contest with James Barton, the Harlem Lindy Hoppers, and Chick Webb's band (1929) Sweet Sue / Tiger Rag
5. LOUIS ARMSTRONG and his Orchestra (1933) I Cover the Waterfront / Dinah / Tiger Rag
6. PAUL WHITEMAN and his Orchestra with BIX BEIDERBECKE (1928) My Ohio Home (2 transfers: 1st normal; 2nd with close-ups)
7. BILL ROBINSON in his famous step dance (1932) Swanee River
8. DUKE ELLINGTON and his Orchestra with Fredi Washington (1929) Medley: The Duke Steps Out, Black Beauty, Cotton Club Stomp
9. CHARLIE WELLMAN (1930) Alabamy Snow
10. LOUIS ARMSTRONG and his Orchestra (1931) Chinatown, My Chinatown / High Society
11. BESSIE SMITH (1929) St. Louis Blues
12. TESSIE MAIZE and her Darktown Strutters (1930) Someday Sweetheart
13. TOMMY CHRISTIAN and his Orchestra (1928) Who Is It? Who? / Tommy Christian Stomp
14. Unknown tap duet with band (1931) Whistle and Blow Your Blues Away / Mandy
15. BEN BERNIE and his Orchestra (1925) Sweet Georgia Brown
16. RUBY DARBY (1930) Tell the World He's Mine

ISBN 1-56633-110-2

For information about obtaining this video, please contact:
Charles P. Morrison
"Mr. Nostalgia"
P. O. Box 26494
Tamarac, FL 33320-6494
(305) 726-5420

YAZOO 514

SWAPS AND SUCH

FOR SALE: Complete Bing Crosby LP collection consisting of over 200 albums. Please send $1.00 for list or send your want list. Have most of Bing's Hollywood series, Jonzo, Spokane, etc. Also have other popular singers' LPs for sale (Dino, Perry, Jolie, etc.) Richard Pearson, 2307 N. Trenton St., Arlington, VA 22207.

WANTED: Decca LP DL-8268—*Drifting And Dreaming;* Decca DL-5351—*Beloved Hymns;* L.E.C. JGB-1008 (or other LP containing "My Heart Goes Crazy.") Dennis Nale, 3335 Latham Drive, Dallax, TX 75229-3847.

NEED HELP with hard-to-find Bing Crosby items? I own a record and CD business specializing in vocals and shows and would like to help you. Michael Mascioli, 530 14th St., #9, San Francisco, CA 94103 [phone (415) 864-8222; fax (415) 864-7222].

WANTED: Bing Crosby 78 on Brunswick 6515, "What Do I Care, It's Home"; 20106, "Let's Face The Music, Pt. 1"; Columbia 1496, "I'd Rather Cry Over You"; 1993, "At Twilight"; Okeh 40979, "Mississippi Mud"; 41228, "I'm Crazy Over You." Top prices paid. Ted Furcht, 24 Cherry Tree Lane, Levittown, NY 11756.]

WANTED: Bing 16" transcriptions including Philco Radio Time, Armed Forces Radio Service, and Kraft Music Hall. Also V-Discs and Decca vinyl 10" 78s made for radio stations. Murray Kent, 2310 E. Avenue NE, Cedar Rapids, IA 52402.

FOR SALE: I'm open to offers on the following LPs: RCA LOP-6070, *How The West Was Won* (2 LPs and book); Decca DL-4369, *Bob Hope In Russia And One Other Place.* Other LPs by Bing, Judy Garland, etc. 78 albums: Decca A-96, *George Gershwin Songs, Vol. 1;* Decca A-481, *Blue Skies;* Decca A-550, *Merry Christmas.* Greg Van Beek, 929 Hillcrest St., West Bend, WI 53094. Phone, weekends only: (414) 338-8986.

DUE TO matters beyond my control, I would like to sell several hundred Bing Crosby LP's and about a dozen Crosby books. Listing available. Stanley Wayman, 18 Beckerle St., Danbury, CT 06811-4608.

FOR SALE: Bing Crosby radio cassettes from the General Electric Show, Kraft Music Hall, and Philco Radio Time. Many other artists. All cassettes are 60 minutes each. $4.95 each; buy five, get one free; buy ten, get three free. Postage: Orders to $25, $4.00; $25.01 to $49.99, $5.00, etc. Visa or Mastercard accepted. Nostalgia, P. O. Box 82, Redmond, WA 98073-0082. Phone: (206) 885-4569; fax: (206) 885-4394.

WANTED: Do you want a loving home for your Bing 78s, 45s, LPs, CDs, books? I am a collector and radio host, especially looking for Australian LPs, unusual items, 10" LPs and 78s. Also interested in many other classic pop/jazz singers. Please call or write Kevin Roberts, 17 Willow Ave., Albany NY 12205 (518-869-0556.)

SOME BACK ISSUES of *Bingang* are available at $2.50 each, including third class postage. Write to the editor for details.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE. Millions of poses on 10,000 stars, including Bing Crosby. Professionally photographed. Three samples $6.00 cash or money order, your want list and a SASE (foreign add SASE and 2 postal reply coupons). Nancy Barr-Brandon, 506 Windermere Ave., Interlaken, NJ 07712. Phone: (908) 531-7544.

FOR SALE: My complete Crosby collection—78s and LPs. Many rare records. Conrad S. Javier, 107 Cherry Rd., Syracuse, NY 13219.

WANTED: Gonzaga University's Special Collections Department needs certain issues of the Bing Crosby fan publications. If you would like to donate your old journals, write to: Stephanie Edwards, Special Collections Librarian, Gonzaga University, Foley Center, Spokane, WA 99258-0001. Phone: (509) 328-4220. Send a list of what you have by date of issue.

OTHER CROSBY ORGANIZATIONS

BING'S FRIENDS & COLLECTORS SOCIETY
236 Andrieux St.
Sonoma, CA 95476

INTERNATIONAL CROSBY BY CIRCLE (U.K.)
F. B. Wiggins, U. S. Representative
5608 North 34th St.
Arlington, VA 22207

QUEENSLAND BING CROSBY SOCIETY
P. O. Box 92, Ferney Hills
Queensland, Australia 4055

OTHER FAN CLUBS OF INTEREST

INTERNATIONAL AL JOLSON SOCIETY
933 Fifth Ave.
Prospect Park, PA 19076

INTERNATIONAL SINATRA SOCIETY
P. O. Box 7176
Lakeland, FL 33807-7176

EDDIE CANTOR APPRECIATION SOCIETY
P. O. Box 312
Mount Gay, WV 25637

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FAN CLUBS
P. O. Box 7487
Burbank, CA 91510-7487

JULY
4
APRIL
11
NOVEMBER
25
JANUARY
1
DECEMBER
25
FEBRUARY
22